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THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE ABOUT MEN

# blueboy

## SPECIAL WESTERN ISSUE!

COWBOY UPDATE: the good guys who live it now

OUTLAWS: the bad guys who love it anytime (centerfold section)

ROUGH RIDERS: blueboy's guide to hitting the automotive trail

FICTION: the hustlers who rustle the new west

FASHION: how to be home on the range, 1979-style

TRAVEL: frontiers revisited—the first and the last

PLUS: county music reviews and a history of pinball

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AMANT – It wouldn't be a party without this! The newest smash from Ray Martinez, the producer who made you "Get off Your Aah and Dance". A Jim Burgess Mix. (MARLIN 2227)

CELI BEE – "Fly Me on the Wings of Love"
– A new year, a new sound from the Queen Bee. A sure bet to get you and your party buzzin'! (A.P.A. 77003)

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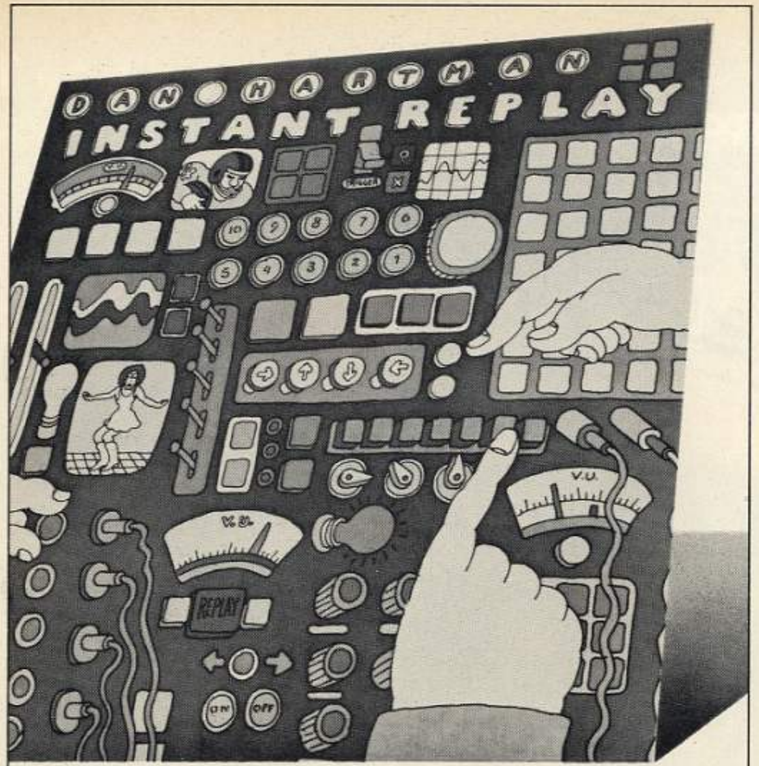


# Hear this record and dance. Hear it again and dance.

If you've heard the Dan Hartman single, "Instant Replay," get ready for the album of the same name.

If you haven't heard it, be prepared to roll back the rug. Rarely has an album fulfilled the promise of its hit offspring so completely.

Dan Hartman's "Instant Replay." **The album.** Including "Countdown/This Is It." On Blue Sky Records and Tapes.

Produced by Dan Hartman. "A Tom Moutlon Mix"

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LINDA RONSTADT
**LIVIN IN THE USA**
(Asylum)

Originally the lead singer of the Stone Ponies ("Different Drum"), Linda later gathered a strong following as a solo artist known chiefly for her blending of country and rock, and the fact that she often performed barefoot.

Born and raised in Tucson, Arizona, she brought her muscial heritage with her to Los Angeles and was eventually signed in 1973 by Asylum, which began a winning streak that's still running.

*Living in the USA* was produced by Peter Asher, who has been at the helm of Linda's past five albums. He is also her manager, and has done enormous talent justice time and again.

This one contains the 1960 hit, "Just One Look," Smokey Robinson's "Ooh, Baby, Baby," and Elvis' "Love Me Tender," as well as recent compositions by Warren Zevon and Eric Kaz.

DOLLY PARTON
**HEARTBREAKER**
(RCA)

Country went City when Nashville slicker Dolly Parton hit The Big Apple and took it by storm. A Barbara Walters TV interview heralded her arrival and a *Playboy* cover and interview topped off the whole media blitz.

And now with the release of *Heartbreaker*, Dolly's first studio outing since her *Here You Come Again* became the first country album in history to be certified platinum, The Queen of Country Music takes center stage as the star she's touted to be. Her earthy, country charisma comes through the vinyl on this amazing pressing, a commercial blockbuster.

A beautiful duet (with Richard Dennison) highlights the record, as does the title tune, a real heartbreaker. "Sure Thing" is a sure thing.

And Dolly's a blue-ribbon winner.

ARLO GUTHRIE
**ONE NIGHT**
(Warner Bros.)

With his fundamental grassroots charm, Arlo Guthrie became the sensation of the Newport Folk Festival in 1967 via his hit song "Alice's Restaurant."

The son of the lengendary troubadour from Okalahoma, Woody Guthrie, who practically invented the modern folk song, Arlo continues the tradition and adds his own zany humor.

*One Night* is Arlo's tenth album for Warner's, and by all estimations one of his best. It has a full selection of tunes that includes the Lennon-McCartney classic "I've Just Seen A Face," as well as new treatments of folk traditionals: "Little Begger Man," "Buffalo Skinners" and "St. Louis Tickle."

Side Two opens with one of Arlo's infamous monlogues, "The Story of Reuben Clamso and His Strange Daughter in The Key of A," 17 minutes of sheer outrageousness.

A real knee-slapper.







*SOUR* **COUNTRY** *CREAM*

RITA COOLIDGE
**LOVE ME AGAIN**
(A&M)

Despite the two rockers that open sides one and two, "You" and The Everly Brothers' "Bye Bye Love" respectively, Rita drags herself through yet another album with the energy level of one fighting off a massive dose of novocaine.

Her recent press release states that "her voice is an instrument made up of equal parts of talent, poetic sensibility and soul."

God love publicists. Only a press agent (or mother) could so blindly tout Rita's murderous renditions of other people's hits. Recent casualties include Jackie Wilson's (otherwise) immortal "Higher and Higher," Boz Scaggs' "We're All Alone," and that old Motown gem, "The Way You Do The Things You Do."

This time out, Rita "does her thing" (doesn't is more appropriate) to Boz Scaggs' "Slow Dancer," and the '60s classic, "Sweet Inspiration" (done with her customary lack of inspiration).

Don't be fooled (as was I) by the single, "You." There is nothing else on the album worth the dust it will collect.

Meanwhile she's got Kristofferson for a husband and a bundle of money, so she must be doing something right.

Get the single, if you must.

REX ALLEN, JR.
**BRAND NEW**
(Warner Bros.)

A regular on the country top ten, Rex Allen is credited with putting the "Western back into the country song." This cowboy singer worked the rodeo before signing with Warner's, and his four subsequent albums have collected an avid following among country enthusiasts, though his "biggest hit" to date is the soft-drink commercial, "Me and My R.C.!"

A sturdy baritone that sings with a spirited masculine style, his latest offering is a solid collection of tunes from the range.

Standout cuts: "You Turned It On Again Last Night," "Mem'ries," and "Kin to the Wind."

*One of the best albums on the current country market.*

JENNIFER WARNES
(Arista)

Two years ago this spring, Jennifer Warnes had a smash hit single "Right Time of the Night." It was promptly followed by the release of her debut album which featured that single. But despite the major success of the single, the album died a sudden death.

In an unprecedented move, Arista has re-issued the album, apparently feeling its death untimely. Right again, Arista. This is a resurrection worth celebrating!

Born and raised in Orange County, California, Jennifer has a voice tinged with country flavoring, though her style is extremely contemporary. The range is so vast and her control over her instrument so exacting that she can penetrate deeply with just a few notes.

Included are Jagger's "Shine a Light," Steve Ferguson's "You're The One" and her own composition, "Daddy Don't Go." Surprise cut: "Bring Ol' Maggie Back Home."

Jennifer Warnes' is the kind of music, a blend of country/folk/rock, that can stay on the turntable all day long.

EDDIE RABBITT
**VARIATIONS**
(Elektra)

The current country heart-throb (one look tells why), Rabbitt is presently on the threshold of major stardom. His latest single from this album, "Hearts on Fire," is selling faster than his five previous hits; he is the most "exposed" of male country singers, having appeared on *Dinah!*, *Merv Griffin*, and *Midnight Special*; he numbers among his fans Farrah-Fawcett Majors (that's what it says here).

Eight of the ten tunes on *Variations* are new Rabbitt compositions, and included is his early recording of his own "Kentucky Rain," made famous by Elvis.

# THE BEST COMPLETE GUIDE TO GOOD HEALTH FOR GAYS

**Sponsored by *The Advocate*, this candid, authoritative guide answers every question gay men and women have about: • Sexually transmitted diseases • Special sex hazards for gays • Diet and exercises for gay life-styles • Sunburn and skin cancer • Aging and plastic surgery • Hepatitis and amoebic diseases • Amyl Nitrate, Quaaludes, MDA, PCP, and other drugs • Doctors–gay or straight**

Dr. Richard Pillard, medical advisor to Boston Homophile Community Health Services, and a professor of medicine at Boston University, says "THE ADVOCATE GUIDE TO GAY HEALTH *will help you get care that is oriented to your needs as a gay person. You will learn how to stay healthy and, if illness comes, you will know where to get help and what to expect.*" But R. D. Fenwick's frank self-help book goes far beyond basic health care:

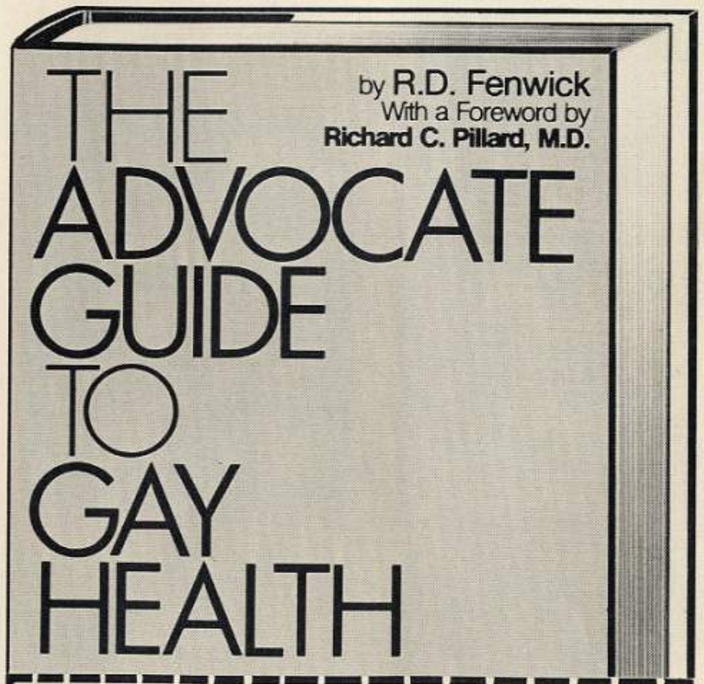
• It is a positively oriented survey of the gay experience for men and women, with frank advice on identifying and compensating for the health hazards of specific gay sexual practices...for remaining safe as well as satisfied within a homosexual life-style.

• It is a comprehensive guide that pays particular attention to diseases, injuries and types of sexual disfunction most common among gays.

• And it is an outspoken fact book that answers readers' questions in the detail they need.

Is there any way for a sexually active person to avoid getting gonorrhea? How important is it for gay people to consult gay physicians–and how can they get the best help from doctors, public clinics, and private health organizations? How do you recognize and treat some of the "new" sexually transmitted diseases that have invaded the gay community–such as amoebic dysentery, salmonella, venereal warts? When is the best time for a man to have cosmetic surgery? What are the specific physical effects of widely used drugs–grass, poppers, psychedelics, tranquilizers and alcohol? Why does the holistic approach to health, in which *you* take more responsibility for your health, have special importance for homosexuals?

Judge for yourself. Send for a copy of THE ADVOCATE GUIDE TO GAY HEALTH now. If you don't agree that this is an indispensable guide, simply return the book within two weeks and receive a full refund.

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# MAILMAN

## THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS

I read with interest the letter from the pastor in N.Y. who is enjoying the best of both worlds with both a lover and a wife. Your readers may be interested in how that triangle works from the third side. My lover is married, too, and our relationship is one of understanding. I am more than a lover; I am a friend who is a part of his family. Our backgrounds from childhood are very similar and today we have the capacity to meet each other's needs. His wife understands that she cannot compete with what we have, just as I know that I can't compete with what they have. We are all close friends and welcome in each other's homes. He may have the best of both worlds, but I feel privileged to share it with him in many, many more ways than I could if I had just a gay lover. A beautiful, open relationship like ours is rare, but it is not unheard of. We're aware of this and also that each part of our triangle is important to the total.

J. H., Ft. Wayne, Indiana

## A LOT OF BALLS

Congratulations to James Tyson and the excellent job he did on the October "Commentary." It takes a lot of balls to be honest. There will be many gays who will reject his conception of our lifestyle, since applying the reality of his words will not be any easy task. Ultimately, they will either have to adjust to being part of the human race or lose themselves and their egos in games none of us have constructed. Thanks again for a positive approach. You've acquired a new reader.

N. B., Minneapolis

## A WORD FROM OUR FILMMAKER

Thank you for the fine article on *Word Is Out*. There have been many pieces written about the film, including numerous interviews. Most of them are just cranked out with so little care, it is a pleasure to see some craftsmanship (I really cannot bring myself to say craftspersonship). You may be interested in knowing that the book version of the movie is now available. It is published by Dell in New York.

Peter Adair, San Francisco

## THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF FREEDOM

The October *Blueboy* commentary by James Tyson ("Toward A New Gay Morality") calls to mind statements several friends have made from time to time, to the affect that before so-called "liberation," things gay were more sensible and certainly more fun. Strangely enough, maybe it was a keener sense of external danger that gave many gays a deeper sense of community and a warmer, more respectful feeling toward each other.

Now that "gay" has become a household word and sucking and fucking and all manner of perverse variations seem to take place at the drop of a pair of levis, more unhappy, depressed, alienated, lonely and drug-ridden (emphasis - alcohol) people seem to have surfaced than ever before. Ironic, isn't it, that gay liberation and freedom haven't necessarily brought the "fun" and "good times" that many thought it would?

The bottom line to the welcome critical thinking Tyson displays is that degrading and exploitive sexuality and self-destructive and hostile behavior are more oppressive of gays than anything straights could concoct through a myriad of prejudicial laws. Freedom and a sense of responsibility toward what that freedom implies must go together to create any humane and effective society.

D.W., Chicago

## NOTHING LIKE A MAN

In your October issue, one of your readers (R.L. of Colorado) wrote about his delight in discovering that other men liked men too, because he thought that he was an "outcast" all of his life. This, of course, is the usual reaction of the country boy who discovers the rest of the world. What is really disturbing, though, is the remark of R.L. that he is "not a homosexual" because he loves "women as much as men."

It always distresses me to find someone who imagines that his self-respect depends upon his denying that he is a homosexual, and who gives the lame excuse that he loves women as much as men. We human beings, whether we are homosexual or heterosexual, love sex. We can do it with men, women, and rubber dolls, and while we are doing it we love it. It's the old story of loving the one we're with. But that is not what makes us homosexual or heterosexual. In the case of a homosexual, emphasizing love for women just because we screw them is purely a social come-on. There are heterosexual men who screw other men for sex, but they love women. That is what makes them heterosexual. I hate to see a nice country boy like R.L. so confused. Being a homosexual is no problem at all. Admitting it is where the problem comes in, and that problem is solved once old R.L. Says, "Hey, I'm a homosexual, and I feel just like I did when I thought I was a heterosexual." Whoopee! Get em, Tiger! If they've got skirts or pants, it's all the same, but when it comes to real knock down drag-out loving, man, there's nothing like a man!

Mike Bergan, Los Angeles

## RESPONSIVENESS

I would like to thank the 1,038 *Blueboy* readers and others who responded to my "Gay Male Lifestyle and Sexuality Survey" which was announced in this column in the March issue.

The response was excellent, and the replies were moving, fascinating and enlightening. I think they will go a long way toward breaking down the negative stereotypes we have been saddled with for so long. The results of the survey will be published by New American Library as *The Spada Report* in April, 1978. Please look for it. And thanks again to all the men who helped make the project so successful.

James Spada, Los Angeles

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## MAILMAN

### TURN ON THE CLOSETEERS

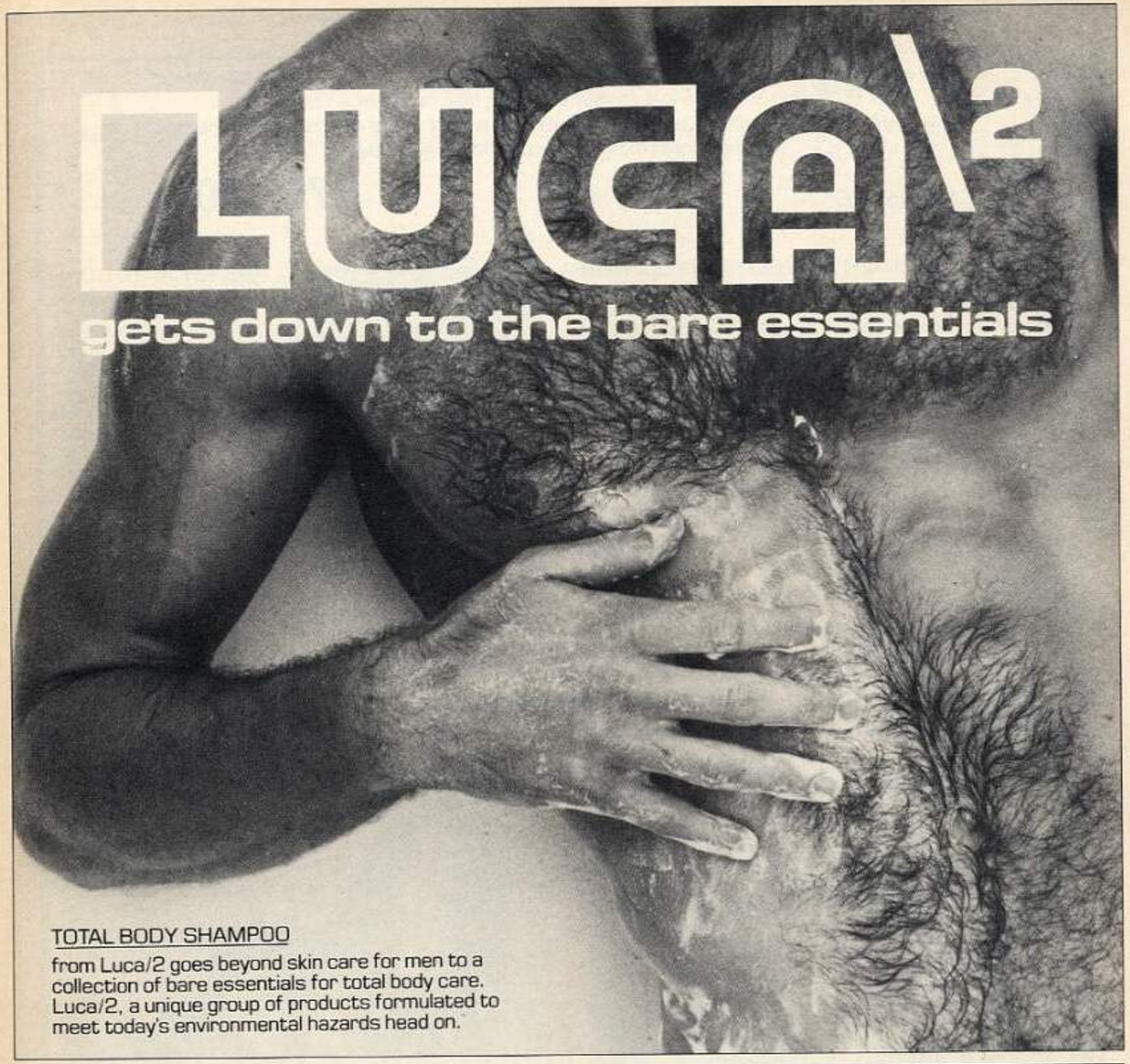
Love your magazine, but I'd like to make a suggestion. Feature more action photography, such as you did in a previous issue with photographer George Alfaro's wrestling sequence. Or the Turkish olive oil grapplers from Gallipoli as seen in the film *Topkapi*. Or classical sculpture of wrestling men ... or whatever. Wrestling is a terrific turn-on—especially for the legions of closeteers!

B.R., Scarsdale, N.Y.

### TIRED OF HETEROSEXUALS WHO FLAUNT IT

I am a new subscriber to *Blueboy*. I enjoy your pictorials and information about the gay community. A community as diversified as ours requires that its members share a common ground, and *Blueboy* contributes to our understanding. Many gays are mistakenly convinced that sex is the only common ground, but *Blueboy* presents the options that are available, proving that gay men are not motivated by sex alone. I support human rights and gay rights but I am tired of selfish heterosexuals who "flaunt" their sexuality and of so-called "professionals" telling me what I am. I know what I am and I'm sorry both for those who only pretend to know and for those who are afraid to know. The most oppressed and victimized minorities are people who are forced into a fear of disclosure of what they are. They can think, speak and stand on their own two feet—yet, when they're asked what their preferences are, they never say. Thanks, *Blueboy*, for saying.

C.M., Ohio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- ☐ After Shave Skin Conditioner (a non-alcoholic moisturizing after shave to help protect the skin from aging) 4 oz. tube, 7.50
- ☐ 21 Day Treatment Cream (penetrates instantly, helps retard dehydration of skin surface as it protects from environmental hazards) 2 oz. jar, 8.50
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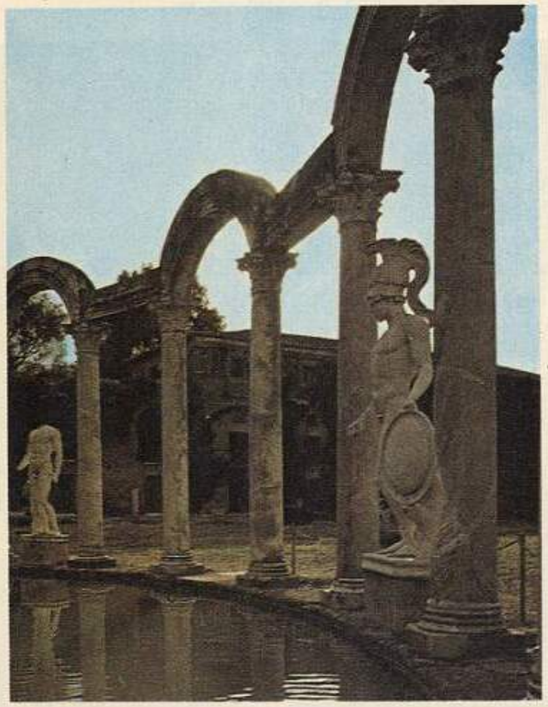
# BRIEFS

## Cabins In The Sky

The fortunate few who've possessed the vision, the drive and the funds to translate their domestic fantasies into the reality of stone, steel, wood or glass — Hadrian, the Duchess of Marlborough, Mark Twain, Marie Antoinette and Wilt Chamberlain among them — are lavishly profiled in *The Magnificent Builders and Their Dream Houses* by Joseph J. Thorndike, Jr. "Before he dies," Plato said, "every man should build a house," and the houses presented here range from "cottages" to castles, with photographs (60 in color) and renderings used to document them from inception to completion. The 352-page volume is a cavalcade of pomp and bygone circumstance, made remarkable by the diversity of styles and personalities chosen. Published by *American Heritage Publishing Co.; $34.95.*

## Raison D'Etre In Detroit

Detroit's *Renaissance Center* was conceived by local civic leaders seeking a solution to the deterioration of the nation's fifth largest city. Their approach was to develop a dramatic, privately financed real estate project that today consists of five glass-encased towers: Four 39-story office buildings and the 73-story *Detroit Plaza Hotel*. The Hotel, operated by Western International, opened in 1977. It features 1400 "world class" guest rooms, 13 restaurants and lounges, 100,000 square feet of exhibit and meeting space and the world's largest rooftop counter-revolving restaurant/lounge. The scope of the place is best observed from the "Promenade Level," a focal point which forms the base of an eight-story atrium (shown) and where, says Western International, one can enjoy the "delightful pastime of 'people-watching'." *The Detroit Plaza Hotel. Renaissance Center, Jefferson Ave. at St. Antoine St., Detroit Michigan: (800) 228-3000, for reservations.*



NOTES ON WHAT'S HOT, WHO'S HOT & OTHER ASSORTED MEMORABILIA by Bruce Fitzgerald

## Raincoats And Things

"America has given England so many ingenious and energetic devices," say the people at *Burberrys*. "The least we can do is yield back a little civilized relaxation in return." What they've gone and done is open a 5-story English Country House in the middle of Manhattan, in which the entire range of men's and women's traditional sportswear may be viewed and purchased. The ambience and merchandise, naturally, are veddy understated. *Burberrys, 9 E. 57 St., New York 10022; (212) 371-5010.*

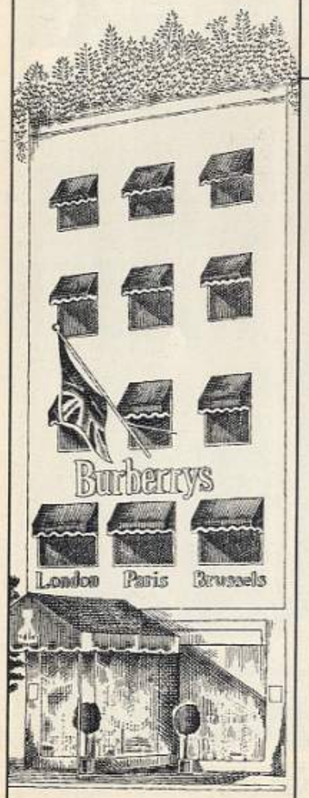


Photo: Lisa Powers

## In Praise Of The Boulevardier

If shoes are a few of your favorite things, you'll find some of the raciest at *Footgear* in Los Angeles. Two tony shops are located at *9667½ Wilshire Blvd.* (for women) and *8481 Sunset Blvd.* (for men); *(213) 656-3900.*

## Fat Tuesday

*Mardi Gras* madness begins again. Tuesday, February 27, 1979 is the official day of celebration in New Orleans, but (as we all know and love) it is preceded by days and days of wine and roses and flesh. Especially the latter. Most of the rooms at the inns are booked months in advance, but should you be one of the lucky celebrants with a confirmed booking, you'll want to make a backroom pit stop at *Jewel's, 1207 Decatur St.*

Photos: Roy Letson

## The Fan Club

Devotees of leather, levis, uniforms and "S&M" sex — and by all accounts there is an increasing number and variety of such adherents — can now join an international organization that forwards correspondence between verified members throughout the USA, Canada, South America, Australia, New Zealand, Europe, North Africa and the Middle East. Discretion is assured, and areas of interest are specified on the membership application so that you don't connect with, say, a fireman if you're looking for a few good marines. Yearly membership dues, $30. *Interchain, Box 410 Downstairs, 166 W. 21st. St., New York 10011.*

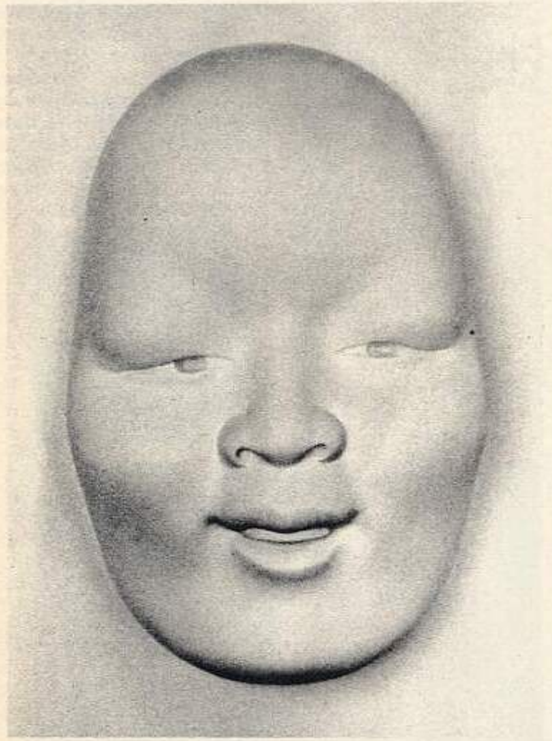
Photo: Alexander Banes



# BRIEFS

## Yesterday's Treasures Today

Many of the unusual and impeccably chosen home-furnishings accessories from *Sirmos* have ancient African or Asian design origins. The new adaptations include an Ashanti bench, a Laotion rain drum table, a Philippine vase, and an Indian temple step — among other more or less contemporary collectibles. Shown are the Chinese mask (10½'' high, $150) and palace vases (22½'' high to 36'' high, $135 to $480), all available through designers or architects. For information, contact *Sirmos, Inc., 979 Third Ave., New York 10022.*



Illustrated by Fitzgerald

## The Last Alternative

According to James Pool and Suzanne Pool in their new book, *Who Financed Hitler*, nearly every political faction in Germany during the early 1930's gave either secretively or openly to the support of the National Socialist party. Shifting alliances between the Right and Left throughout the turbulent decade of the Weimar Republic established Hitler's expedient policies — in the minds of monarchists, conservatives and masses alike — as the last recourse to preventing total economic collapse and Communist domination. Apparently, anxiety over the fate of Germany was shared by the power elite in other countries as well, for *Who Financed Hitler*, in what are the more sensational revelations, documents the attention paid by Henry Ford, Edward VIII, anti-Bolshevik White Russians, and Sir Henri Deterding (who, by 1913, had controlling interest in the oil fields of Romania, Russia, California, Trinidad, the Dutch Indies and Mexico). A formidable amount of money and power was gradually (and legally) amassed by Hitler from 1919 to 1933, by which time the idea of a fundamental change in the political system had become acceptable to all segments of German society. While the leader of the radical National Socialist party was consistently viewed as a dark horse in the chaotic political scramble, his ultimate control of the Reichstag's largest party forced the coalition government to award him the Chancellorship in January, 1933. Professional politicians believed that once the Nazis were in the government, they could be tamed and exhausted and that Hitler, like all the Chancellors before him, would be broken by the responsibilities of office. The tragic consequences of this course of events are outside the scope of *Who Financed Hitler*, but the book's scrupulous analysis of the rise of Nazism is the more chilling for that omission. Published by *The Dial Press; $9.95*.

# BRIEFS

### Masked Men

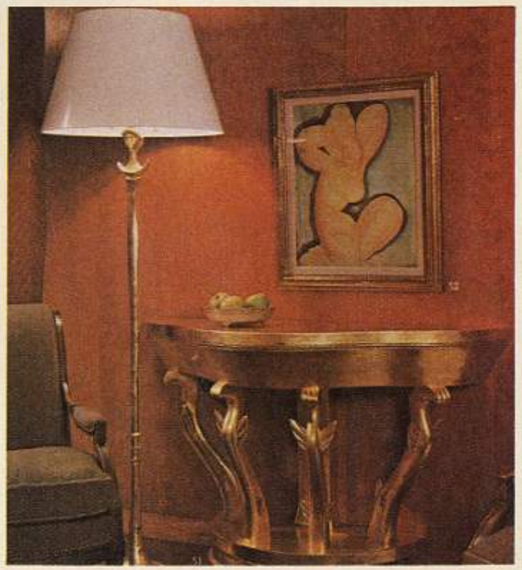
Another new adaptation, this time of the venerable ice pack, makes a cleaner job of dealing with blocked nasal passages, puffy eyes, sinus misery and "discomforts due to hangovers." *The Comfort Masque* may be heated (in a saucepan) or cooled (in a refrigerator) to provide soothing, temperature-controlled facial stimulation. You simply buckle it on and relax. Available at department stores or from *Comfort Masque, 171 N.E. 166 St., Miami, Fla. 33162; $9.50 plus $1.00 postage & handling.*

### Ragdale Time

Writers and artists seeking refuge from life in the fast lane may, from October through May, work undisturbed at a turn-of-the-century Lake Forest, Illinois estate in the reclusive company of other writers and artists. *Ragdale* is listed on the National Register of Historic Places and is sometime home to those wishing to make their own place in the arts. The peaceful surrounding prairie is owned by the Nature Conservancy. *The Ragdale Foundation, 1230 North Green Bay Rd., Lake Forest, Illinois 60045.*

### The Selling Of a Vice President

"As lifelong collectors of art," professes Nelson Rockefeller in the catalogue for The Nelson Rockefeller Collection, "Happy and I decided to share with others our joy of living with... beautiful objects and the thrills we have experienced collecting them; we have personally selected for reproduction, the objects shown in this, our first Catalogue." Reproduced "for your personal acquisition" are paintings and sculpture, porcelains, pre-Columbian gold pieces, early American wood sculpture and weathervanes — all specially commissioned under the guidance of leading American and international craftsmen. The Rockefeller patronage of the arts was particularly strong in the 1930's when the French interior designer, Jean-Michel Frank, worked with Matisse, Leger, Christian Berard and the Giacometti brothers to decorate Mr. Rockefeller's Fifth Avenue apartment. Shown here are Giacometti's "Lady" Standing Lamp ($1,200) and Wooden Gilt Console ($5,500), and Modigliani's "Caryatide" ($550). Interestingly, the Catalogue sees fit to define caryatide as "a figure of either sex employed as a decorative form." Also shown is the Japanese Haniwa Head (11½" high with base, $75). All available from *The Nelson Rockefeller Collection, Inc., 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 10020.*





## GOLD DIGGERS

(Continued from page 34)

swim. And Friday morning at seven, Nick called and woke him up to cancel.

"My friend Peter was missing last night," he said. "He had an accident."

Sam knew who Peter was. He was the man they'd found painting at the gate to the ranch. And Sam figured the two of them must have had it out right there, after he took off in the MG. An hour or two later, when Rita left and he and Nick were alone again, they went on a tour of Crook House that was curiously formal, as if Nick were showing it to a buyer from out of town. If he only knew, Sam thought, he'd let *me* do all the talking. Sam could have walked these rooms in his sleep. Did, some nights. And yet he didn't mind Nick going on about Varda, the land he sold off in half-acre lots and the will he never made because he was all alone. Though that was a lie, Sam thought, because what about Frances Dean? Why didn't he leave it all to her? Sam didn't say a thing out loud. He asked a tourist's innocent questions. Nick's version was just what he hoped for—it proved he was the only one who knew the truth.

"He's all right now," Nick said, "but I can't see you today. I'll call you Monday."

"Who knows where I'll be on Monday?"

"Will you call *me*?"

They left it open. Nick rang up again on Sunday afternoon, when Sam was just back from a heavy session with a trucker who'd driven straight through from Salt Lake City. One of his out-of-towners, who showed up every couple of months and paid top dollar. Sam held the phone in one hand and leafed through a bikers' magazine with the other. He was feeling too satisfied with the animal scene where men said nothing to give much of an ear to Bel-Air reasons. Nick seemed to want to tell him even more of the story, and he didn't know why. If you want to get out of this, Sam wanted to say, then just let go. He didn't care about Peter's accident. He didn't care about Nick, for that matter, and he had a certain specific contempt for Nick because Nick didn't know it. This was not the same as no affection. He *liked* Nick well enough. He liked everybody, really. Yet, as Rita had intutied, he had no interest in people, and the stories they lived out were all the same to him. And since he paid no attention to his own story, either, you had to admit he was consistent.

"It was the snake, Sam. The same snake."

"How do you know that?" he asked, suddenly aware that he might tip over if this went on too long. "Did it introduce itself?"

"It happened in the bunkhouse. Peter was fooling around in the fireplace, and it got him in the arm."

Sam felt his stomach tie up in a knot. Did it hurt, he wanted to ask. How *much*? But that was all. He didn't want to know the story because a hairsbreadth shift in the compass or the clock would have made it *his* story. But he let Nick talk on for a bit, waiting for some word about the pain.

From the moment the snake flashed, apparently, Peter moved as if he were being filmed for a documentary on the right thing to do. He made a quick tourniquet above the punctures. He picked up a Coors from the bed, pulled the tab, and used it to cut the sign of the cross in his arm, right in the middle of the wound. Then he sucked at it till the poison milked out into his mouth, sweet-sour, the sweet being the blood. Then he limped to his pickup and drove out of the ranch and down through the canyon to the Pacific Coast Highway, where he floored it to a clinic he'd passed for years in Malibu. He walked in, held out his arm as if for a shot, said "Rattlesnake bite," and fell over in a dead faint. There wasn't a clue in his clothes as to who he was, and the slow-witted clinic crew didn't think to match him up with a car in the parking lot. He came out of the faint in a fever, and it was just before midnight that he dropped the long, delirious Russian tale of his crowns and estates and remembered who he was.

Sam turned out. The pain stopped. It was just another story, after all. There was so little that he bothered with beyond sex. The concept of pain still had the power to somersault Sam's certainty that he was self-sufficient, but even then it took the snake gliding close to his own body to bring it home to him. What's more, it would have required a bite in the small of the back, something that couldn't be reached, the pain going deeper and deeper, no truck, no clinic, to keep Sam riveted to Peter's danger.

"So I can't see you for a while," Nick said, as if he were betraying something.

"Why?" Sam asked.

"I just told you. Peter's got to take it easy. His nerves are shot. It isn't the snakebite, because it wasn't really bad. They think he must have just finished eating a mouse or something, and besides he was old. Anyway, I've got to stick close to Peter for a while."

"For a while," Sam repeated without inflection. "Well, I hope the two of you will be very happy together."

"I want to send you some money."

"Why? You want to put me on retainer like a lawyer? Or a private detective?"

"No reason. I just want to. What's your address?"

"I don't give it out."

"Really?" Nick laughed uneasily. "I guess you don't get much mail."

"None. That's the way I like it."

"Okay," Nick said, sorry now that he'd brought it up. "It can wait until I see you."

"No. I'll tell you what you do," Sam said, practical at last, and as if everything else he'd said so tonelessly were meant to be funny, though no one had laughed. "Leave it with the bartender at the *Beau-Numero*. They know who I am."

It was seven hundred in cash, and he couldn't figure out how Nick had arrived at the actual amount. It was certainly more than Sam expected or was accustomed to. Too much, in a way. It ended up irritating him, because he couldn't seem to communicate to Nick how to observe the proper boundaries. He didn't see that Sam just became extra hard and detached, to compensate. Of course he liked hundred dollar bills for their own sake, and he knew, the moment he opened the envelope, that he didn't have to work for a week. But what he liked best about the *business* of hustling was the cash flow, how it demanded not the slightest shred of his attention. He took it in and paid it out and worked when he wanted and never went hungry. He didn't need more, and since he didn't pay taxes, they never went up. He knew about inflation and, like a psychiatrist, added five dollars a trick every couple of years. The only thing that would have changed his rhythm was a *lot* of money, a vault of it in ingots, with neither strings nor a middle-aged man attached. That was why he'd bided his time for eight years to get back into Rusty Varda's house.

He didn't have a list of things in his head he'd been waiting to buy. If it had been seven thousand, maybe he would have gone after a second-hand Porsche, but his mind didn't run in that direction. All the same, he decided to take the day off and go shopping, struck with the notion of getting rid of seven hundred fast. It certainly didn't cross his mind to save it. He had no accounts, neither checking nor savings. He kept his money, what he didn't keep in his pocket, in a coffee can under his bed in the one-room apartment no one else knew the way to. Twisted up in tens and twenties and fifties. So much for security. When he was robbed, he chalked it up to the redistribution of wealth. He didn't even own a wallet.

He bought a case of Jack Daniels in fifths. Then a half dozen tenderloin steaks. Though small-proprietored stores made him jittery, he spent an hour in a rhinestone-western boutique in Hollywood, trying on fancy shirts. He tried on more than he needed to because the middle-aged glitter queens who ran the

place were clearly so enamored of his torso. They held the discarded shirts over their arms and debated how marvelous he looked in everything. He bought a heavy khaki gabardine yoked with hand-sewn black and gold swirls, a six-gun embroidered at each nipple. In its way, it was as difficult to bring off as the overwrought three hundred dollar boots but, on the other hand, Sam could wear anything. He lived so much at the surface of his body, at the nerve ends, that his clothes hovered about him like curtains billowing in front of an open window, going with the air.

Then a Steston, off-white, with a snakeskin band. He wore it when he drove up and over into The Valley. To Studio City, where he wound his way among a thousand houses where no one had ever worn *anything* that went for three hundred. He tooled into a driveway, leapt out of the MG, and went up and rang at a dead-end bungalow. Rust-streaked stucco and strangling geraniums. The old woman who opened the door couldn't have cared less who it was, so she wasn't his grandmother or his high school Latin teacher.

"I thought you must be in jail," she said. "What do you want?"

"Two grams."

"Two, eh?" She seemed impressed. "You must have hooked up with a big tipper."

She padded into the house, and he followed as far as the airless dining room, where three more woman sat around the table, cards in hand, and waited. They looked like they'd forgotten what the card game was, gone beyond it like yogis. If they'd once been the type to cluck at everybody young as reminders of their own children, they'd gotten over it. And no one took a second look at his torso.

The old woman came back from the kitchen with a parcel tied so well she could have sent it overseas. It was a hundred and fifty. She pocketed it and said "Take care you don't ruin your nose. You won't be able to smell a rat when you need to."

He went back to his apartment in West Hollywood. His nothing apartment. A double bed and a table with a big color TV that he'd bought hot. An easy chair, vinyl and motel blue. A Pullman unit built into a cabinet for pans and dishes. And a chest of drawers, every one open and spilling clothes. It existed hardly at all as a place to live. He passed the time there. He used it between tricks as a dressing room, though not necessarily so as to dress—more as an actor on location would have used it, doing a scene and resting, back and forth. Which is not to say that clothes didn't furnish the man. There was a layer of things draped and thrown on everything—Levis and corduroys, gym gear, leather jacket, flannel shirts, swimming trunks, and two-toned jerseys for baseball, football, rugby. Street clothes. He lived here without declaring himself. And of course, if someone had wandered in, a stranger from the world of laws and moral precision, he wouldn't have been able to accuse Sam of anything. There was no evidence.

He cut the cocaine and did a couple of lines. He poured himself a Jack Daniels over ice and turned on the TV to a game show. A half hour later, when the coke had dropped its dazzle, he unzipped and pulled out his cock, spit on his hand, and jerked himself off; to keep him from going out on the street. He alternated that way for the rest of the day. Coke. Bourbon. Every three or four hours, a go at pumping himself. He was forever aroused. The only way he knew how to disconnect from his life on the make, since it was profession and fantasy life at once, was to blur the edges and bring himself into a state of low consciousness and numbness of the groin. Unlike so many other hustlers on his beat, he didn't need a case of joints in his pocket, a six-pack in the bushes, or uppers and downers. He had to be alert to fuck, uncompromisingly fixed in the world at hand, so as to miss nothing in the region of his senses. His fantasies may have been more lush and slit-eyed with lust when he was wrecked, but he didn't shape them up and work them out in an actual bed unless he was precisely where he was. When he was sober, he could get a hard-on right on cue, hour after hour if he had to. And since the places where he ended up were unpredictable, four or five in a day sometimes, the real world was pretty much confined to other people's bedrooms, and it never failed to turn him on.

**The old woman pocketed the hundred and fifty, and said: "Take care you don't ruin your nose. You won't be able to smell a rat when you need to."**

He was just as drunk the next night, but he woke wide-eyed on Wednesday morning, cooked a steak for breakfast, and headed out for the beach. It wasn't warm enough to lie down in a bathing suit, but he walked the tide-line with his shirt off. He went from the Santa Monica pier to the point where Sunset Boulevard spilled out at the Pacific—four, four and a half miles—and liked the feel of his shoulders burning. He had cruised the waterfront here a thousand times, but today affected the air of a boy pirate, fashioning nothing for those who watched him. Indeed, he assumed as a consequence that he was next to invisible. In fact, it was a field day for men on the beach who would have been afraid most days to look him in the eye—men without cash, men who kept their shirts on. Because he moved for once without seeing himself in the third person, he was beautiful in a way that was quite unearthly, clean of sin and self.

If there was a way of keeping anyone, he thought, Nick was the sort he would go after. He always knew, when he met up with men who fell for him, the moment when they stopped wanting anything else. They surrendered the quest by believing that Sam was the goal of it all. *Sam* knew he wasn't. He would gladly fuck the whole world to prove there was no goal. There was only the accumulation of events. Sam couldn't get enough of new and better men, and he'd guessed right off that Nick was the same. They both wanted *everything* else, the search for which went on all the time and everywhere. Sam thought that if he could get Nick through the present phase—the cowboy buddies who sloughed off the world and set out for the wilds, their hearts unvalentined and freed to the weather—then perhaps they could go on to other things, each on his own. And they could use each other to measure themselves against. They could even try, for variety, to outdo one another in seeing how far they would go. And of course there would be the added business of Nick's money thrown in, share and share alike. To Sam, it had the earmarks of a perfect relationship, except for the fact that nobody ever stuck to the ground rules, even when they were perfect. That was why he was better off alone. But if he had his way entirely, he thought as he climbed up on a lifeguard's chair and lit up a joint, Nick was the man he'd bet on.

He went home and ate the last tenderloin. When he went into the bathroom to get a blade to cut more coke, he stopped at the mirror to brush his hair and thus took the first step back to real life. When he was finished snorting, he pulled a red bandanna out of his pocket to wipe his nose, and a hundred and seventy-five tumbled out on the floor. He'd completely forgotten. Because he was ripped, he pulled up a stool, sat with his elbows on his knees, and grinned down at the curl of bills. All he had to do was buy something mad. A three-piece summer-weight suit. Or a place setting of silver. Or a Christian Dior briefcase. Sam didn't know the names of anything, not by brand, not by store like Peter and Rita and Nick, but he had the most comical picture of all the junk he could afford. It was just what his apart-

*(Continued on page 21)*

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B 2 9


## GOLD DIGGERS

*(Continued from page 18)*

ment needed. A piss-elegant, pointless thing.

He dressed sexy, tucked an unopened bourbon under his arm, and headed east on Sunset to Hollywood. He'd *thought* he was going to go west, to Beverly Hills, so as to walk up and down Rodeo, looking in the windows until he'd discovered the silliest overpriced figurine dancers and bud vases. It must have been the dope, he would have said, that steered him wrong. He didn't think he was going to cruise Hollywood Boulevard until he started to, the MG snuggling in among the Cadillacs creeping along the curbs. The silver-haired men with multiple rings and garish shirts leaned over to the passenger's window and haggled for blow jobs. Sam was a stranger here now. He liked all kinds, it was true, but he'd never developed a taste for chicken sex. Not that the Hollywood version wasn't lovely. Boys like high school lettermen, skate-boards under their arms, luminous from so much sun. But the come-on pose as they leaned on the streetlamps was oddly androgynous—part wanton, part without meaning or balance, like a child playing dress-up in oversized clothes. They all looked the same. Do *we* all look the same on Santa Monica too, Sam asked himself, but as a joke, shaking his head no even as he asked it.

It didn't really matter which one he got. He pulled out from behind a Rolls where three boys were clustered at the window arguing among themselves about who was better hung. Sam stopped at the curb just ahead. He noticed a boy sitting on the sidewalk away from the curbside hustle, his back against a storefront, arms around his knees. The luncheonette sign directly above him, "Just Like Home," threw down on him a pale green light. He was smoking a cigarette. Sam stared until he stared back, kept on staring when he looked away. Finally the boy got up, crushed the cigarette under his shoe, and ambled over to the MG. All of it reluctantly. It was a way of being tough without having to be aggressive. He was too shy to be tough in the usual way. Sam knew it backwards and forwards.

"What do *you* want?" the boy asked suspiciously, acknowledging the difference between Sam and his own regular trade. He may have thought Sam was a pimp. He hadn't been on the street long. His clothes, an army shirt with sergeant's stripes and green fatigues, were tidy, as if his mother still did them up.

"What do you like to do?" Sam asked. Rule one: get it all on the table.

"For twenty-five, you can blow me and I'll fuck your ass. For thirty-five I'll come."

How many times does a man say that, Sam wondered, before it sounds like nothing at all? This boy still liked the rawness of the bargaining—talking dirty, calling a spade a spade. About six months, Sam thought, narrowing his assessment of the time the boy had done.

"What about the other way around?"

"I don't *do* it the other way around," the boy said tightly, drawing back a fraction from the car. He took offense, as if Sam had said point blank that he was queer. Oh yes, Sam remembered, this was the crowd that planned to live happily ever after, as soon as they had the down payment.

"Why don't you get in," Sam said easily. "We'll work something out."

The boy climbed over the side and sank down into the seat. He leaned against the door as if to keep his distance, turned sideways to face Sam, and then spread his legs as wide as the MG allowed. He was full of crossed messages. He had jet eyes and, what was a turn-on becasue he was so young, the shadow of a heavy beard along his jaw. He called himself Eddie when Sam asked, though he seemed unused to the name. He changed it too often, Sam decided, driven still by the panic that he'd be found out, traced, turned in to his father or his parish priest. No, he didn't have a room they could go make it in, and when Sam said his own place was off limits because he shared a bed there with someone jealous, Eddie wanted out.

**"Why don't we make it fifty?" Sam said. "You don't have to come. You don't even have to breathe heavy." So it was agreed: Fifteen minutes.**

"Unless you want to spring for a motel, too," he said. "I won't do *shit* in a car."

"Why don't we just drive around for a while," Sam said. He decided suddenly he wanted nothing. But as he drove up Franklin and went left and into the hills, he saw that what he'd wanted most was to hear a hustler's story. That's not like me at all, he thought, glad that for the moment they'd both shut up. It was as if, courting a kid for an hour, he'd wanted to learn where it all began. He'd never got caught before in the seethe of sentiment, and he took it as a warning. He'd been right, after all, to always cut himself off from anyone younger than he. It was enough to go through it yourself. Watching someone else go through it could only slow you down.

"You can't get it up," Eddie said at last. It was an everyday remark. Where he hung out in LA, there was a sex therapist behind every tree. "I'm right, aren't I? A good-looking guy like you, you ought to be able to get it free. But something's happened to your confidence, hasn't it?"

"Mm," Sam said, and his pride remained intact. Eddie's diagnosis, smug and impertinent, didn't even break the skin. Sam put his holiday away like a suitcase in the attic, and he threw his mind ahead a couple of hours, waiting on Santa Monica for the start of the first dance. He only felt the slightest annoyance still about the unspent money. As for Eddie, he couldn't believe how dull it was.

"When you drove up," Eddie went on, "I thought you must be real kinky. Why are we stopping here?"

"Just for a minute. Then I'll take you back. You know what I'd like to do?"

"What? Eddie said guardedly. The kink might be coming, after all.

"Make out."

"Meaning what?"

"Kiss."

"I don't kiss," Eddie said, throwing it out as if Sam were a tourist, used to the customs of a simpler country.

"Neither do I," Sam assured him. "But you know whose house that is?" He pointed at a bungalow, pale in the darkness, undistinguished. They were parked high on a hill in a cluster of houses, the nose of the MG headed down at a steep angle. Two invisible, penned-in dogs barked back and forth across the street. "Marilyn Monroe."

"No shit. Is that where she killed herself?"

"It's where she died," Sam said, putting the best face on things. "So you see, it's a holy spot. When I want to go parking, I like to do better than Mulholland Drive."

"You're weird." But he said it without malice. Even in six months, apparently, he'd seen worse. "Why don't you take me back to the Boulevard, and we'll call it even. I don't use my mouth except to eat."

"Why don't we make it fifty?" Sam said. "You don't have to come. You don't even have to breathe heavy."

So it was agreed. For fifteen minutes, as if it were a taxi and they had a meter running. Sam leaned forward, and their open mouths met. The boy's tongue was

*(Continued on page 28)*

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Dan Scott

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## GULP!

*(Continued from page 92)*

BIRDIE: You had quite an affair, didn't you?
MANNY: Stop already!
TEDDY: Go on!
BIRDIE: Well, it's water all over the bridge now.
MANNY: That's right.
TEDDY: Like hell it is! *(Heads for bag, jams the towel in it)*
CHRIS: Isn't it about nine o'clock?
TEDDY: Yeah, and somebody's gonna get shot. *(Digging in his bag)*
MANNY: What've you got in there, a gun?
TEDDY: *(Whips out snubbed nose 45)* Damn right!
MANNY: Help! *(MUSIC: "FIREWORKS," Instrumental, under like a silent movie. SLIDES: Fireworks)*
FW: *(Pointing gun at HOMER)* I wonder if you would mind unburying me.
HOMER: Do I have a choice? *(HOMER and CHRIS begin to exhume FATHER WILLIAM)*
TEDDY: *(Has chased MANNY up the stand)* So that's what you were doin' in Alaska.
MANNY: It's time to throw the money away.
BIRDIE: *(On the bench between the gun-wielding TEDDY and the terrified MANNY)* I seem to have made quite a mess of things.
HOMER: You're not the only one.
FW: Keep digging.
TEDDY: When I think of all those dirty pictures of me I sent you.
MANNY: They consoled me.
BIRDIE: But, Teddy, you said you wouldn't blame him if something had happened.
TEDDY: Trickin's one thing, but that was an involvement, and with a real woman!
HOMER: Chris, I love you.
FW: Keep digging.
BIRDIE: *(To TEDDY)* But what about you and the T-rooms?
MANNY: What him and the T-rooms?
TEDDY: That was different.
BIRDIE: Queen of the IRT?
MANNY: What?!!
TEDDY: I couldn't help myself.
BIRDIE: Neither could he apparently.
MANNY: How many T-rooms?
TEDDY: Which borough?
MANNY: You're gonna shoot me and you did worse!
FW: I'm free! *(Starts out of stand)*
HOMER: *(Scampers up stand. And the chase is on)* Ah, c'mon, give me a break.
MANNY: Look, Sara Lee, we're even. Fair enough?
TEDDY: No!
HOMER: I want to live!
TEDDY: Susan Hayward.
FW: Quite right.
HOMER: Is that so much to ask?
CHRIS: *(Takes cover down left)* Why can't it ever be easy?
BIRDIE: I'd better get started on my column. *(Crosses to hamper down right and gets out pencil and pad)*
MANNY: Why don't we call a truce and throw the money away?
TEDDY: Nuts!
MANNY: Otherwise my life's dream is ruined.
TEDDY: I'll ruin you for good!
BIRDIE: *(Crosses to bench and sits calmly, the eye of the hurricane)* Alright now, who's going to shoot first?
FW: *(To HOMER)* Stand still!
HOMER: Chris, I love you!
CHRIS: You keep saying that.
BIRDIE: I don't want it to happen all at once. I can't write that fast. How do you spell Tacopoulos?
TEDDY: T-A-C-O-P-O-U-L-O-S.
MANNY: How about another game of miniature golf?
FW: I will shoot first if you will climb down, Manny.
MANNY: Sure thing.
TEDDY: One foot on this sand and you're dead.
MANNY: Sorry, Bill, gotta stay here.
HOMER: Hide behind me.
MANNY: Then you'll get it for sure.
HOMER: I'm going to get it anyway.
MANNY: You mean you'd actually protect me?
HOMER: Why not?
MANNY: Friends! *(They shake)*
CHRIS: Look out! *(Dashes across stage and knocks FATHER WILLIAM's arm so that as FATHER WILLIAM fires, he misses. SOUND EFFECTS: Gun shot. SLIDES: More fireworks)*
MANNY: Missed.
FW: Son of a bitch!
BIRDIE: Father William!
FW: Call me Bill.
HOMER: *(To CHRIS)* Now why did you do that? At least let me die in peace!
CHRIS: But Homer, I love you.
HOMER: Then take off that God-damn sweatshirt! *(CHRIS does)*
BIRDIE: I wonder if my readers are going to believe all this.
CHRIS: Wait a minute. Don't shoot. *(Climbs up stand to protect HOMER*
MANNY: No one's watchin' the fireworks.
BIRDIE: It's all too fantastic.
FW: *(To CHRIS) Step aside, my child.*
*CHRIS: No!*
*BIRDIE: Ms. Watley will think I made it all up just to keep my job.*
*TEDDY: Hurry up, Father, I'm gettin' an itchy finger.*
*FW: My contract specifies that I just have done the deed before the fireworks finish–*
*CHRIS: If you have to kill someone, kill me. (Throws himself in front of HOMER)*
HOMER: No!
BIRDIE: Oh shit, what's the use! *(Throws away pad and pencil)*
MANNY: You really love each other, don't you?
HOMER/CHRIS: Yeah.
MANNY: Need any money?
HOMER/CHRIS: Yeah.
MANNY: It's yours.
HOMER/CHRIS: You mean it?
MANNY: If we get out of here alive.
HOMER: Look out! *(HOMER, CHRIS, and MANNY hit the deck as FATHER WILLIAM fires. SOUND EFFECTS: Gun shot. SLIDES: More fireworks)*
MANNY: Missed.
TEDDY: What a lousy shot.
MANNY: Hey, Bill, you crazy or somethin'? For old time's sake, save the kids, kill me. *(Throws himself in front of HOMER and CHRIS)*
HOMER/CHRIS: No!
BIRDIE: Everyone stop! *(MUSIC OUT. SLIDES OUT. FIREWORKS EFFECT OUT. Everything back to normal. TEDDY and FATHER WILLIAM lower their guns. HOMER, CHRIS, and MANNY relax)* Now look— Homer has Chris and Chris has Homer, Teddy has Manny and Manny has Teddy. So Bill, if you have to shoot someone to finish your job, and Teddy, if you have to shoot someone to right a wrong, then in the name of Pia Lindstrom, both of you shoot me, because I have nobody.
FW: *(Crosses to BIRDIE and kneels before him)* But I love you.
BIRDIE: And I love you, but you're a priest and have taken the vow of chastity. *(Crosses to TEDDY's chair down left and sits in despair)*
MANNY: It didn't used to be like that, uh, Bill? How about this hot dog? *(Gropes himself)*
FW: Jesus H. Christ, hot dogs!
TEDDY: *(To MANNY)* What are you doin'?
MANNY: That's what we called 'em.
FW: In the park. It suddenly comes back to me.
MANNY: Suddenly? What'd you think I meant about savin' my life?
FW: We were eating hot dogs one day after school, and went into the park together.
MANNY: You were the first guy I ever made it with.
FW: It wasn't as simple as that. You said you loved me.
MANNY: I did. It was terrific. You taught me who I was and what I wanted.
FW: I threw up all night.
HOMER: So that's why you're allergic to hot dogs.
FW: I left school soon thereafter.
HOMER: And became a priest to escape physical love.
FW: It's a better excuse than you have.
BIRDIE: *(Stands)* Then there's no need to be a priest anymore.
FW: *(Stands to face BIRDIE)* Quite right, but I do have an unquenchable zeal to help others.
TEDDY: So what's he gonna be?
CHRIS: A gay activist!
MANNY: Perfect!
BIRDIE: *(To FATHER WILLIAM)* Well, if you were a gay activist—
TEDDY: You two could live together and flaunt it.
BIRDIE: Oh Billy!
FW: Oh Birdie! *(They embrace)*
MANNY: Oh boy!
FW: Give me a G!
OTHERS: G!
FW: Give me an A!
OTHERS: A!
FW: Give me a Y!
OTHERS: Y! Why?
FW: Why? Because God loves you. *(MUSIC: "BECAUSE WE'RE GAY." FATHER WILLIAM takes stage, singing)*
BECAUSE WE'RE GAY AND IT'S TODAY,
AND WE HAVE WAITED TOO DAMN LONG,
AND CAUSE YOU'RE YOU AND I AM ME
AND CAUSE OUR LOVE HAS MADE US STRONG,
SO LET'S PARADE AND SHOW THE WORLD
THAT WE ARE HERE AND HERE TO STAY,
OH SHOUT IT LOUD THAT WE ARE PROUD,
YES, WE ARE PROUD AND GAY!
ALL: *(March and sing)* HAND OUT THE LEAFLETS, *(SLIDES: Christopher Street parade)*
RALLY OUR FORCES,
MAKE LEGISLATION
TO HELP DEFEND US ALL,
OH, BROTHERS AND SISTERS,
SHOULDER TO SHOULDER,

*(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)*

MARCHING TO VICTORY.
FW: I KNOW THAT JESUS WANTS ME TO BE HONEST, DARING TO BE WHAT I MUST BE,
TO HELL WITH THE SAFETY OF THE CLOSET,
I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES AND BE FREE.
ALL: GET READY JUST TO—
HAND OUT THE LEAFLETS,
RALLY OUR FORCES,
MAKE LEGISLATION
TO HELP DEFEND US ALL,
OH, BROTHERS AND SISTERS.
SHOULDER TO SHOULDER,
MARCHING TO VICTORY.
OH YEAH! *(HOMER and CHRIS are at the top of the stand. FATHER WILLIAM, BIRDIE, and MANNY sit on the bench. TEDDY is down left. SLIDES OUT)*
HOMER: Now what?
TEDDY: I shoot Manny.
OTHERS: No!
TEDDY: Why not?
HOMER: *(Sings)* EVERY POT HAS A COVER.
MANNY: *(To TEDDY)* YOU'RE MY POT.
TEDDY: THANKS A LOT.
OTHERS: WHAT'S A LEFT WITHOUT A RIGHT SHOE, AND HE'S JUST RIGHT FOR YOU.
TEDDY: OK, OK, on one condition.
HOMER: Name it.
MANNY: You gotta open your big trap.
TEDDY: It's gotta do with the money.
MANNY: We'll throw it away.
TEDDY: Never! *(Begins to pace)* For years now I've been listening to a pretty dumb excuse for gambling. So if you want to gamble, gamble already, but don't give me all this bullshit—
MANNY: *(Crosses to TEDDY)* So what do you want to do, pumpkin, spend it?
TEDDY: No. Start a foundation.
MANNY: What?
TEDDY: The Fallen Faggot Foundation. To help needy gay brothers and sisters in distress.
HOMER: We're already the first recipients.
TEDDY: Well?
MANNY: Can I be the President?
TEDDY: Yeah, and I'll be the Treasurer.
MANNY: You got yourself a deal. *(Returns to bench. TEDDY crosses to chair)*
BIRDIE: *(Crosses to TEDDY)* Say, Teddy, could I have those candles you were saving for Chanukah?
TEDDY: Sure.
FW: What a right-on event is the founding of this foundation. For you see, Birdie and I must leave the country.
BIRDIE: Must we?
FW: I'm afraid so, for within the hour Bambino Facebrute and/or his younger brother Bugsy will be out to gun me down.
TEDDY: Bugsy Facebrute?
FW: You see, as a priest I made no money.
BIRDIE: I didn't make much as a columnist either. It was just for the glamour.
TEDDY: Wait a minute. You know who Bugsy Facebrute is? He's Shirley of Shirley's Temple.
MANNY: Oh yeah, that's right.
TEDDY: And one of my biggest fans. Listen, you don't have to leave the country. Just lay low for a few days till I get to Bugsy and/or Bambi and we'll buy back the contract at double the cost. We got money.
MANNY: Hey, wait a minute. I'm the President.
TEDDY: But I'm the Treasurer.
FW: But where shall we lay low?
BIRDIE: With my sister in Staten Island. You can't lay lower than that. *(Has gotten six candles from TEDDY and begins passing them out)* Now everyone must take a candle.
MANNY: In the meantime, for carfare, take a little something from Santa's sack. *(Offers wheelbarrow full of money to FATHER WILLIAM and BIRDIE)*
FW: *(Modestly waves MANNY away, then suddenly dives in, stuffing as many bills as he can into the neck of his cassock)* Thank you, Manny. I shall pray for you constantly.
MANNY: *(Pulls wheelbarrow back)* Once in a while's good enough. Let me have some kicks. *(Offers money to CHRIS and HOMER. CHRIS takes a couple of bills and pockets them)*
BIRDIE: Attention, everyone.
MANNY: *(Sets wheelbarrow aside)* What are we gonna do, have a group grope?
TEDDY: *(Crosses to MANNY)* Will you just shut up and let him do the talkin'?
BIRDIE: *(Takes center stage, FATHER WILLIAM comes down to be on his left, MANNY and TEDDY move down, HOMER and CHRIS take their places on opposite sides of the circle. All but BIRDIE sit in the sand)* I believe that every occasion should be properly celebrated. And I feel that all of us meeting today was a real occasion, probably fated.
FW: I have found my Mr. Right.
MANNY: You're lucky.
TEDDY: Don't push me, Manny.
BIRDIE: So, Bill, if you'll light my candle please. *(FATHER WILLIAM lights his candle)* And let us each say something ... Homer? *(Turns and lights HOMER's candle then lights FATHER WILLIAM's. HOMER lights MANNY's, who lights TEDDY's. FATHER WILLIAM lights CHRIS's. MUSIC: "HERE'S TO LIVING")*
HOMER: *(Sings)* NOW I LOVE SO NOW I'VE A LIFE TO LIVE,
THOUGH I'M SCARED, I'LL OPEN MY HEART AND GIVE,
LOOK OUT, WORLD, I'M TAKING MY PLACE AT LAST,
STAND ASIDE I'M COMING ON STRONG AND FAST,
PASSED THE FEAR I CAN'T MAKE A GO OF IT,
NOW I WANT TO MAKE A REAL SHOW OF IT,
I GOT HOPE AND I GOT A HEART FULL OF LOVE,
GOD DAMN!
HELLO PAIN AND HELLO SORROW,
THOUGH I'LL SEE YOU BOTH TOMORROW,
I DON'T CARE,
I'M ON A SOLAR ROLLER COASTER RIDING—
BIRDIE: *(When HOMER begins "Hello pain," BIRDIE comes in with:)*
NOW YOU LOVE SO NOW YOU'VE A LIFE TO LIVE,
THOUGH YOU'RE SCARED, JUST OPEN YOUR HEART AND GIVE,
LOOK OUT, WORLD, HE'S TAKING HIS PLACE AT LAST,
STAND ASIDE, HE'S COMING ON STRONG AND FAST—
HOMER/BIRDIE: PASSED THE FEAR I/HE CAN'T MAKE A GO OF IT,
NOW I/HE WANTS TO MAKE A REAL SHOW OF IT,
I/HE'S GOT HOPE AND I/HE'S GOT A HEART FULL OF LOVE,
OH—
ALL: HERE'S TO LIVING, LIVING EVERY MOMENT,
LOVE CAN EASE THE NITTY GRITTY OF OUR LIVES,
SO HERE'S TO GIVING, LIVING, LOVING ALWAYS,
HELLO, LOVE, HELLO.
CHRIS: LOVELY CANDLES BURNING BRIGHT,
MAKING NIGHT A SWEET DELIGHT,
DARKNESS WRAPS US IN OUR LOVE,
SPARKLING LIKE THE STARS ABOVE.
ALL: HERE'S TO LIVING, LIVING EVERY MOMENT,
LOVE CAN EASE THE NITTY GRITTY OF OUR LIVES,
SO HERE'S TO GIVING, LIVING, LOVING ALWAYS,
HELLO, LOVE, HELLO. *(One by one they blow out their candles, HOMER the last)*
FW: *(Crossing down right so BIRDIE can gather up his things)* Come, sweet Birdie, we'd best be on our way.
BIRDIE: Right you are.
TEDDY: So long, Father. Bye-bye, Birdie. *(Begins cleaning up the beach, stuffing things in his bag)*
FW: Homer, dear boy, strange as it may seem, we owe this day to you. I thank you.
HOMER: Thank you—for not shooting me.
FW: Thank instead the Lord for making me a bad shot.
BIRDIE: Goodbye everyone.
FW: Give me a G!
OTHERS: G!
FW: Give me an A!
OTHERS: A!
FW: Give me a Y!
OTHERS: Y!
BIRDIE: Father William!
FW: Call me Bill. *(They exit up right)*
MANNY: Maybe I ought to go out and visit his sister.
TEDDY: Oh yeah!
MANNY: Me and my big mouth!
TEDDY: I could kill you.
HOMER: Not here.
CHRIS: Not tonight.
MANNY: Why don't we call it quits.
TEDDY: Rocky always said it would come to that.
MANNY: To hell with Rocky!
TEDDY: That does it!!
MANNY: I think it does. *(Runs off up right, pushing wheelbarrow with anything he's piled on top of it)*
TEDDY: *(Crossing after him)* This time I'm through! I've had it! *(Turns to face HOMER and CHRIS. Gently)* Call us next week. I'm the only Theo Tacopoulos in the phone book. *(Turns toward the gone MANNY and shouts)* I mean it, this time for sure! *(Runs off after MANNY up right. MUSIC: "HERE WE ARE")*
HOMER: *(At one corner of the stand)* HOW ARE YOU?
CHRIS: *(At the other corner)* FINE, AND YOU?
HOMER: FEELING GOOD.
CHRIS: LIKE YOU SHOULD.
HOMER: CRAZY NIGHT.
CHRIS: YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT.
HOMER: BUT MY HEART SAYS GAMBLE, GAMBLE IT ALL.
YEAH, I'M GAY.
CHRIS: WELL, OK.
HOMER: YOU AND ME?
CHRIS: BETTER BE. SHALL WE GO? *(Moving toward each other in front of stand)*
HOMER: NO, NO, NO. KILL ME. *(They kiss)*
HOMER/CHRIS: *(Spoken)* Goddamn! *(MUSIC UP. CHRIS takes HOMER's hand and leads him to side of stand. HOMER pulls his hand away, whips out page from the Guidebook, is frantically studying it, when CHRIS takes it out of his hands, takes his hand again and leads him under the lifeguard stand. We see them begin to embrace as the lights* ■

FADE OUT




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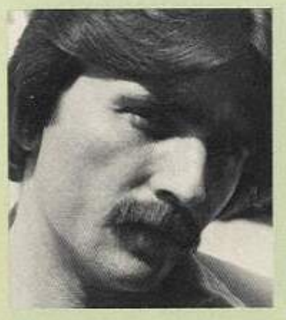

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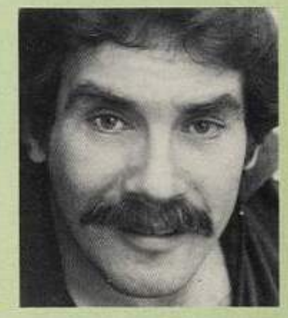
Frank Talone, Queens, N.Y.

"Discoroma? Neither Tracy nor I ever boogie-oogie-oogle without it. But sometimes I boogie-oogie-oogle without Tracy."
Marcel Bouchard, New Orleans, La.

"It's great because it doesn't evaporate like the other stuff. I wish my friends would borrow the other stuff and lay off my Discoroma."
Lawrence Whittier, Seattle, Wash.



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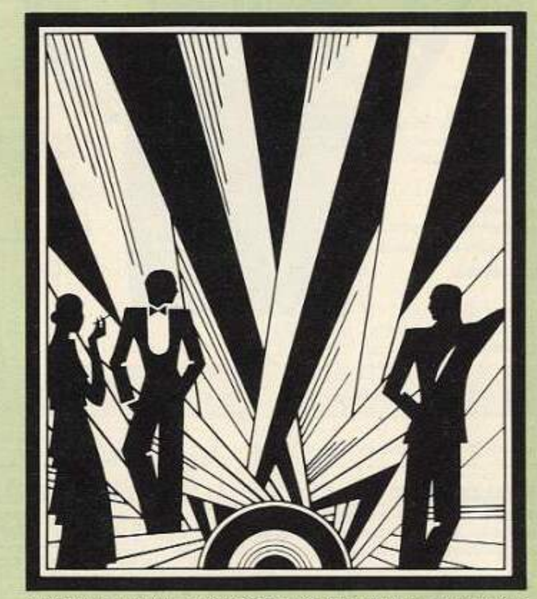

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## Olympic Gold Medal Winner, Ike Berger, Teaches You How To...

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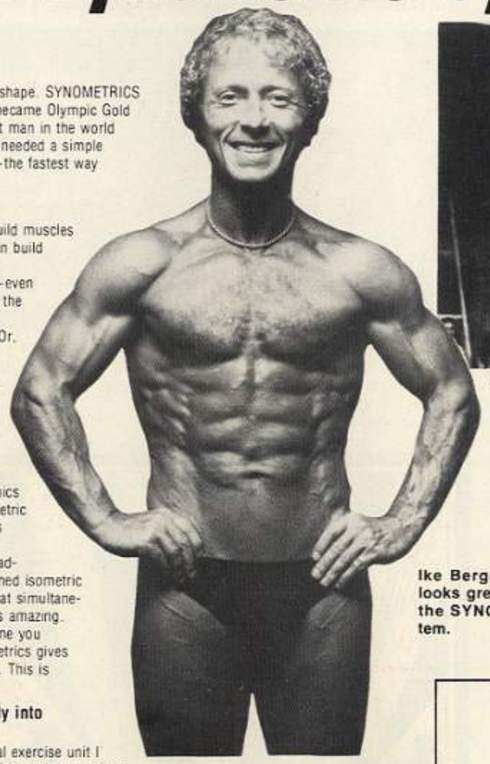

**Ike Berger breaks world record, 1958**
Olympic Gold Medal Winner (U.S. Team) weightlifting. World Champion (three times). Pan American Games Champion (twice) National Champion (12 times). Elected to Hall of Fame.

**Ike Berger, at 40, still looks great today using the SYNOMETRIC system.**

**What is Synometrics™?**

It is the easiest and fastest way to get your body into shape. SYNOMETRICS gives real results in just a few days. After Ike Berger became Olympic Gold Medal Winner and was credited for being the strongest man in the world pound for pound, according to Hoffman's formula, he needed a simple way to keep in shape. He developed SYNOMETRICS—the fastest way to get your body into shape.

**Build a fantastic looking body.**

Everyone loves a beautiful, muscular body. You will build muscles quickly and easily with the Synometric system. You can build powerful arms, have strong shoulders, a strong back, muscular thighs, and also rippling stomach muscles—even if you've never had them before. If you're overweight, the SYNOMETRIC body-building system will get you into shape. If you're skinny, it will add muscles and bulk. Or, if you just want to keep in shape, the amazing SYNOMETRIC System will do this for you.

No matter what your body shape is now, no matter how you've let yourself go, you will have *results* with the SYNOMETRIC system.

**Ike Berger explains Synometrics**

IKE BERGER says, "You've probably heard about both isotonics and isometrics. isotonic body-building dynamics gets your blood pumping, your muscles moving. Isometric exercises push against immovable objects so that fat is burned away.

"In my new body-building system, you can get the advantages of both these methods. In fact, I have combined isometric and isotonic principles into a body-building program that simultaneously uses both methods with one device. The result is amazing. You can now keep in shape in only a fraction of the time you used to. Why? Because combining isotonics and isometrics gives an effect that is greater than the sum of both methods. This is a scientific principle called SYNERGISM."

**Synometrics is the fastest way to get your body into shape—just 7 minutes a day.**

I call my new discovery SYNOMETRICS and the special exercise unit I developed—THE SYNOMETRIC EXERCISER. My amazing system requires only seven invigorating minutes a day, three times a week.

**What is the Synometric Exerciser?**

Scientifically designed, the special SYNOMETRIC EXERCISER is adjustable to give the correct amount of tension for your own special exercise needs. You will see incredible, measurable results in just a few days... or your money back.

The compact SYNOMETRIC EXERCISER unit slips into purse or pocket and does *not* require the use of doorknobs.

**The Synometrics body-building program is fun! It's Exciting! It's easy!**

SYNOMETRICS is fun because you do it in the privacy of your own home and in less time than it would take you to go to the gym. It's exciting because you will get measurable results quickly. You can look better, feel better, have more energy, be more powerful. You will have muscles you never thought you could.

And it's easy. The SYNOMETRIC EXERCISER exercise unit comes with a free booklet written by IKE BERGER. It is the only available literature about this special program. This booklet offers unique body-building programs for every body type and for special figure problems. You will find the body-building program and diet exactly right for you.

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In just a few days you must actually begin to see measurable, real results... or your money back promptly and without any questions.

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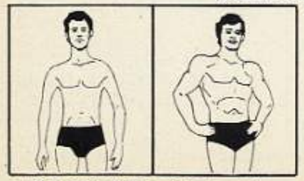
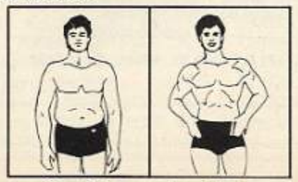


**Change skinny into rock hard muscles.**



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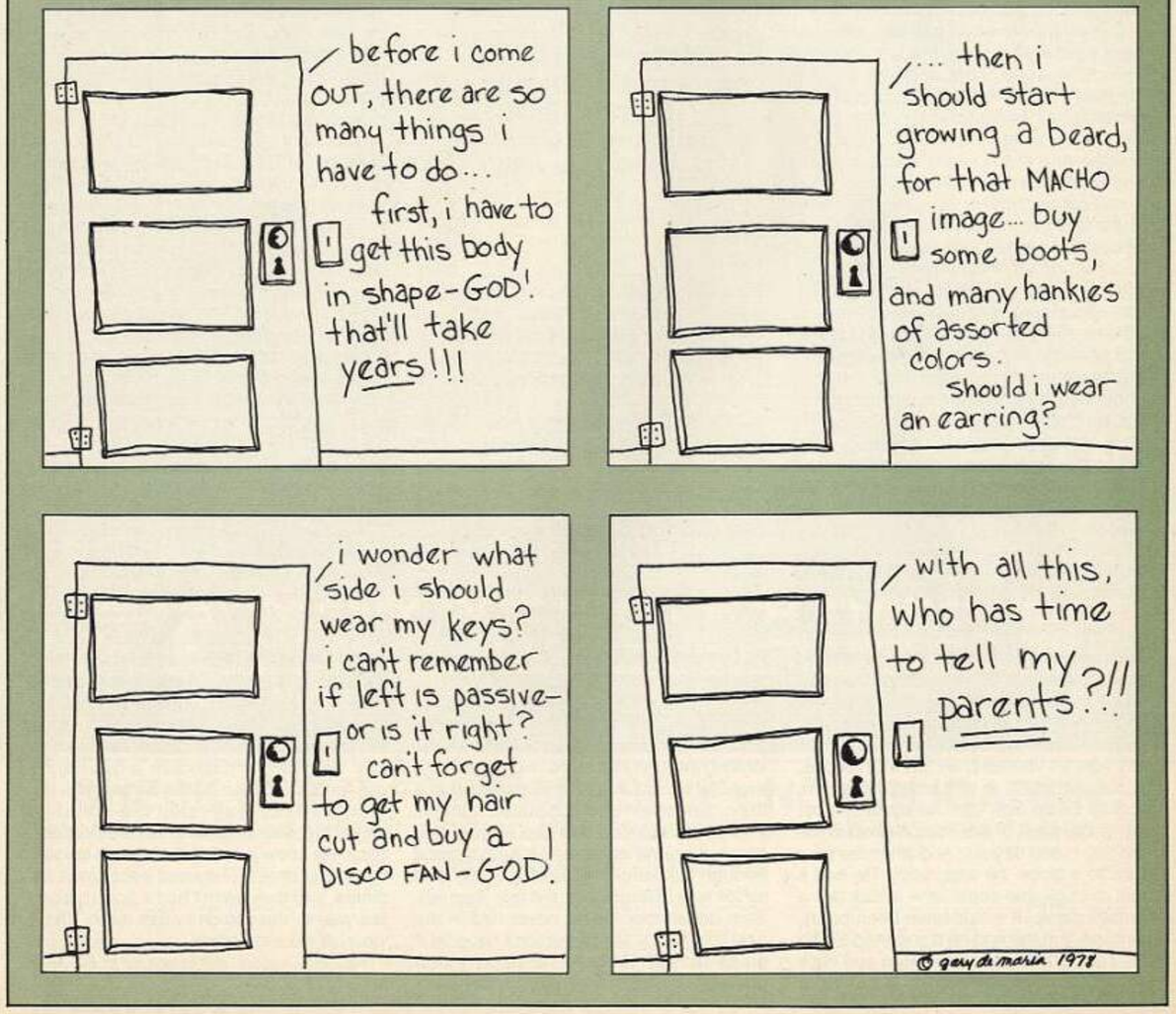
# THE CLOSET

By Gary deMaria


before i come OUT, there are so many things i have to do... first, i have to get this body in shape-GOD! that'll take years!!!
... then i should start growing a beard, for that MACHO image... buy some boots, and many hankies of assorted colors. should i wear an earring?
i wonder what side i should wear my keys? i can't remember if left is passive- or is it right? can't forget to get my hair cut and buy a DISCO FAN-GOD!
with all this, who has time to tell my parents?!!
© gary de maria 1978

## GOLD DIGGERS

(Continued from page 21)

dead like a slice of meat, and he held it close to the front of his mouth as if he were licking a stamp. Sam paid no mind to his delicacy. His own tongue probed and jabbed. He sucked the wind up out of the boy's throat, bit at his lips, and honeyed his whole lower face with saliva. It must have seemed to Eddie that Sam had developed a sudden obsession for him, and, scrupled or not about what passed his lips, he must have felt he was coming into the full range of his sexual powers. His kisses were going for about a dollar apiece. He didn't have to do anything. Pretty soon, he must have figured, they'd pay to just look. And that, as anyone on Hollywood Boulevard would have told you, was *their* dividing line between the stars and the suckers who worked.

But as the minutes passed, he must have wondered if it was really such a bargain. Because Sam ate him up. He tongued the corners of Eddie's mouth and clicked their teeth together till a shiver went up their spines. He didn't stop to breathe and didn't seem to need it, and Eddie must have wondered for a bit if he would suffocate. Sam leapt into this scene on the spur of the moment and for reasons he couldn't entirely separate. And not that he attached anything innocent to a kiss, either, since he tore through the virginal, light-lipped stages to get to the fevers and bruises. He didn't do it to kill his hundred and seventy-five. He did it instead of yelling and screaming. He did it to prove that Eddie had only scratched the surface of sex, and he intimated he could have done it just as well by only holding Eddie's hand or humping him through his clothes. Part of it he seemed to do for Marilyn, who didn't mean a thing to Eddie, who didn't ever live in the little Spanish bungalow, either; but that was not the point. She lived *somewhere* around here, Sam knew, and she was the class item. She wasn't ever a punk fifteen, and she didn't have to pay for it at fifty.

Sam kissed Eddie with his eyes and his mouth wide open. But he kept his hands to himself without even trying. For a quarter of an hour, he mauled that face with the single muscle of his tongue, which in its way was as versatile, as rife with moods, as his usual tool. In one long moment he worked Eddie over as if he could spit out the whole pack of lies men carried to his bed day in and day out. And when the time drew to a close, he was ready. He had a built in clock that could time a fuck like a football game. It would have been pretty, perhaps, if in the end he'd softened Eddie up. That is how Peter and Rita and Nick would have imagined it—that Eddie kissed him back. For all the gulf between them when it started, fire and ice, wouldn't it be fitting if the final kiss turned out to be Romeo and Juliet? But it didn't. When the meter ran out, Sam stopped, drew back, and wiped his sleeve across his mouth. Peter and Rita and Nick, revising their opinion, would have called the look in his eyes hate. But it wasn't. It was nothing, which was the very thing he'd come to want out of this.

"You should have asked to see cash first, you know," Sam said, "especially if someone offers you too much." He leaned back against the seat and threw his hips out so that he could reach into his pocket.

**He sucked the wind up out of the boy's throat, bit at his lips, and honeyed his whole lower face with saliva.**

He disentangled a fifty from the bills. "And you're right to keep it clean in cars."

"Fuck you," Eddie said, plucking the bill out of Sam's hand. He spread it on his knee and smoothed it as Sam started the car.

"You must be a real terror when you get off. I mean, if you get all sullen and guilty from a kiss."

"I'm not anything, baby. I don't feel a thing," he said. He took a billfold from his back pocket and slipped in the fifty.

"Really? Well, you may go places after all."

They drove the rest of the way in silence, and they looked from the side of the road as nice as brothers. If we're both as free of feeling as we say, Sam thought, it's a wonder we don't get along a little better. Himself, he didn't care if he never saw Eddie again. He'd have the same rush of pleasure passing him on the street and looking through him as he might have had meeting an old friend, if he'd had such a thing. He could have concluded from his fifty dollar session that the men in this game were all alike, but it didn't come through that way. The nothing Eddie said he felt was different from the one Sam felt. Sam understood as he never had in the past that Rusty Varda wouldn't have let it go so far with just any hustler. He had probably brought a hundred other boys before Sam up to Crook House to swim and eat lunch, and they must have been as stiff and coarse as Eddie. Some of them, perhaps, stayed on and took steam. But only Sam—

"You don't have to take me all the way," Eddie said. "I can get a bus anywhere along here." Suddenly mild, his mind turned to the route he traveled. He sounded as if he'd hitched a ride with Sam a couple of blocks back. "I'm through for the night anyway."

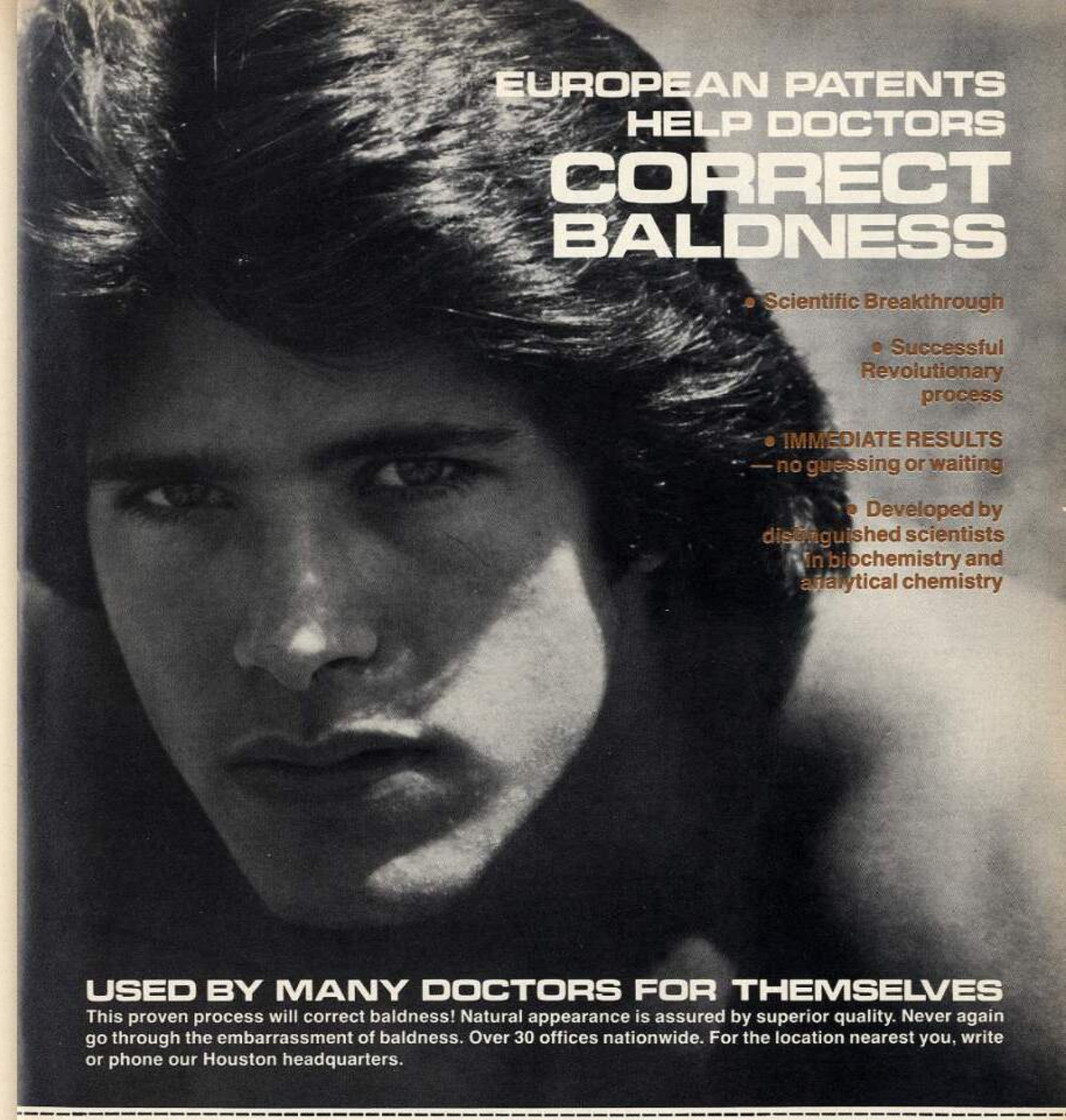
Well, well, he said to himself as he drove along and sobered up, he might as well be on top of the business while he could. The boom wouldn't last forever. Sam had seen towns where the gold rush or the cattle rush had once swept through, where the grass now grew in the streets. He had a mounting conviction that he was the last of the breed, the boy Nero would have been feeding chocolates to while Rome burned.

He was this year's prize, and he knew it. The prize wasn't a trophy, of course, or fixed like a name on a plaque. It was more of a feeling, and he may well have been the only one to feel it. But he didn't require more proof than the intensities he inspired in those who stood by, at the end of an hour, while he slipped through their fingers. He was the best thing on the menu. He could see that he needed a holiday to put it in perspective, because he had to know he was damn good in order to push forward with the work he'd waited eight years for. He took the most exalted view of the nexus of forces. He was free. He had the ticket to Crook House in his hand. Lust fired inside him like a dollop of uranium. And he had no questions left about the world. The scene was set like a bomb.

In an hour he'd be doing gymnastics in a stranger's bed. But one last thing. He'd thought of it in the middle of the kisses. A hundred and seventy-five minus fifty. He rocketed along now, rooting to the center of the city, where the palms gave out and the air hung low, the color of sherry and the taste of lead. I'm a cowboy, he thought. And then: No I'm not, I'm a private detective, and I get to the bottom of things if it's the last thing I do. A hundred and twenty-five. Somebody must have a gun they'd sell for that. Maybe a little thirty-eight. He drummed his fingers on the steering wheel by way of patting himself on the back. He knew just the sort of man to look for on the street. They had eyes blank as dimes, and they hadn't had a good fuck in ten years. You couldn't miss them. They were all over the place.

"The Gold Diggers" *will conclude in the next issue of* Blueboy.

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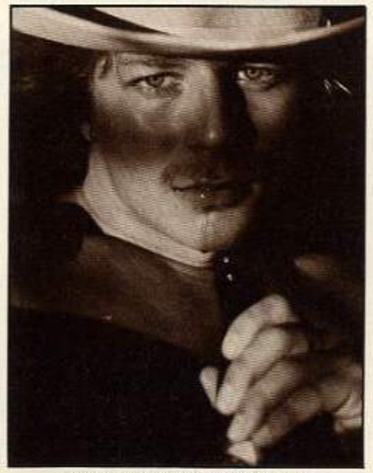
# A COWBOY'S GUIDE TO BEER



BY M. GEORGE HADDAD

The great poet A.E. Housman once wrote, "Malt does more than Milton can/To justify God's ways to man."

That may be an over-exaggeration of beer's appeal, but the fact is, beer is — other than water — the most popular drink on the face of the earth. Eight thousand years ago the Babylonians were brewing it, and it is now known to and enjoyed by every people under the sun, save the Eskimos (who can't grow the grain) and the Bushmen of the Kalahari (who can't spare the precious water).

Back in the 17th century, Elizabeth I sent out royal beertasters to determine whether the local brew was worth imbibing; if not, she constructed a brewery on the spot. Another old queen, Catherine the Great, was so fussy she commissioned an English brewer to fashion for her a particularly potent stout (dark beer) which still survives as Russian Imperial Stout. Catherine's native Germany (actually, West Germany) now holds first place for per capita beer consumption, followed by Czechoslovakia and Austria, with the U.S. in lucky 13th place.

However, American per capita adult consumption has risen from 1971's 31.4 gallons annually to 34.2 gallon for 1975,

the last year for which such data was available. In the same period, imported beers doubled, and the beer industry has enjoyed healthy profits, worldwide. Almost 70 percent of the American market is dominated by five companies, in order: Budweiser, Schlitz, Miller, Pabst and Coors, which commands a special mystique, not only because it is Paul Newman's favorite, but because the Colorado-based firm has steadfastly refused to sell its product outside of a 1,000 mile radius, for quality's sake. Nonetheless, Coors has been smuggled to the East Coast and South, causing the manufacturer to place ads reading "Please don't drink our beer," since improperly shipped Coors isn't supposed to be as good as the fresh variety.

There are over 250 American labels to choose from, even though most guzzlers stick to two or three varieties. Typically, the first brand one tries will be a perennial personal choice; most individuals tasting beer for the first time, however, will not care for its taste. Its taste may be open to debate — some drink it to be sociable, others for taste and a few for its eventual results — but beer does have its advantages over liquor and wine. Its alcoholic content is seldom over five percent (12 to 20 percent for wine, about 40 for booze), so it doesn't take one by surprise and can be indulged in frequently. Beer has food value not found in other alcoholic products, including — according to the United States Brewers Association — riboflavin, niacin, thiamine, the B-complex group and others; small wonder that beer has sometimes been labeled "liquid bread." Significantly, the additives which influence beer's color, flavor and head do not rob it of nutritional value, and legislation is pending in Congress to force manufacturers to list ingredients on the can.

Strangely enough, beer fans have 30 to 50 percent fewer chances of getting heart disease than non-drinkers. This finding by a study sponsored by the University of Hawaii may be due to beer's indirectly lowering the body's cholesterol level (the drink has no fatty acids). Calorie-wise, beer wins out over wine (18 calories per ounce) and liquor (76), for it contains only 12 calories; even so, continued excessive consumption does produce the infamous spread known as a beer-belly. The newer "lights" which have been proliferating recently and grabbing a larger share of the market (with an estimated four percent of the market that will jump to seven percent by 1980) have only a third the calories, carbohydrates and alcohol of regular beer, and have tempted many otherwise non-beer drinkers.

Draught beers (straight from the keg) are fresh and unpasteurized, but are available in only a few brands; bottled beers offer far more variety, and as one becomes a connoisseur, one will discover different types for different times and purposes. During the making of beer (the generic name for fermented malt beverages) cereal grain — typically barley, sometimes rice, corn, rye, wheat or oats — is processed into malt, then mixed with pure heated water, strained out and (the liquid) brewed with hops — coneshaped flowers which color and flavor the beer. The hops are next removed, the liquid cooled and yeast added for fermentation purposes. After the yeast is taken out the beer is aged up to a dozen weeks, recarbonated, bottled, pasteurized and marketed. Depending on the variations in its processing, beer is classified as one of several types:

*Lager* comes from *lager*, meaning *to store*, in German. It comes in light and dark (90 percent of American beer is light), and Pilsner is supposedly the best lager available, originally brewed in Pilsen, Czechoslovakia. Imported lagers are generally darker, richer-tasting and include Heineken, Kirin, San Miguel, Lowenbrau (now brewed in Texas) and Carlsberg. Dark lagers are typically sweeter than light, and have a creamier head.

*Ale* is brewed with more hops and a special type of yeast, creating a darker amber color, fuller aroma and more marked flavor. In England, ale comes in "mild" and "bitter."

*Stout* belongs in the ale family, except that its barley or malt has been roasted before brewing, producing a rich molasses hue, a creamy head and a sweeter taste. Guiness is the major producer of this 'black beauty." "Porter" also falls under this category, and is a rich brown variation.

*Malt liquor* is actually lager with more punch in it. This classification was mandated by American state laws which prohibit lagers to be branded as beer when containing over five percent alcohol.

Finally, *bock beer* (the origin of the peculiar name is unknown) used to be brewed in fall for springtime consumption but is now available year-round, with a sweet flavor and richer color than light lager. The leading brand in this category is Wurzberger.

Naturally, some beers are considered better than others — at least by connoisseurs — but each individual must experiment and discover which brands turn him on. *The Taster's Guide to Beer*, by Michael A. Weiner, offers advice on how to savor beer and better enjoy it by sharpening one's beer *awareness*. This involves being sensitive to a beer's color, smell and taste. Some brews smell nutty, hoppy, yeasty, malty or fruity, and one can learn to identify them by their aromas. One should also note the relative sweetness, bitterness or acidity, as well as the degree of body a beer possesses. Then, too, beer can become too old, and should never sit on a shelf more than half a year; usually, retailers try not to hang onto a particular issue more than 90 days.

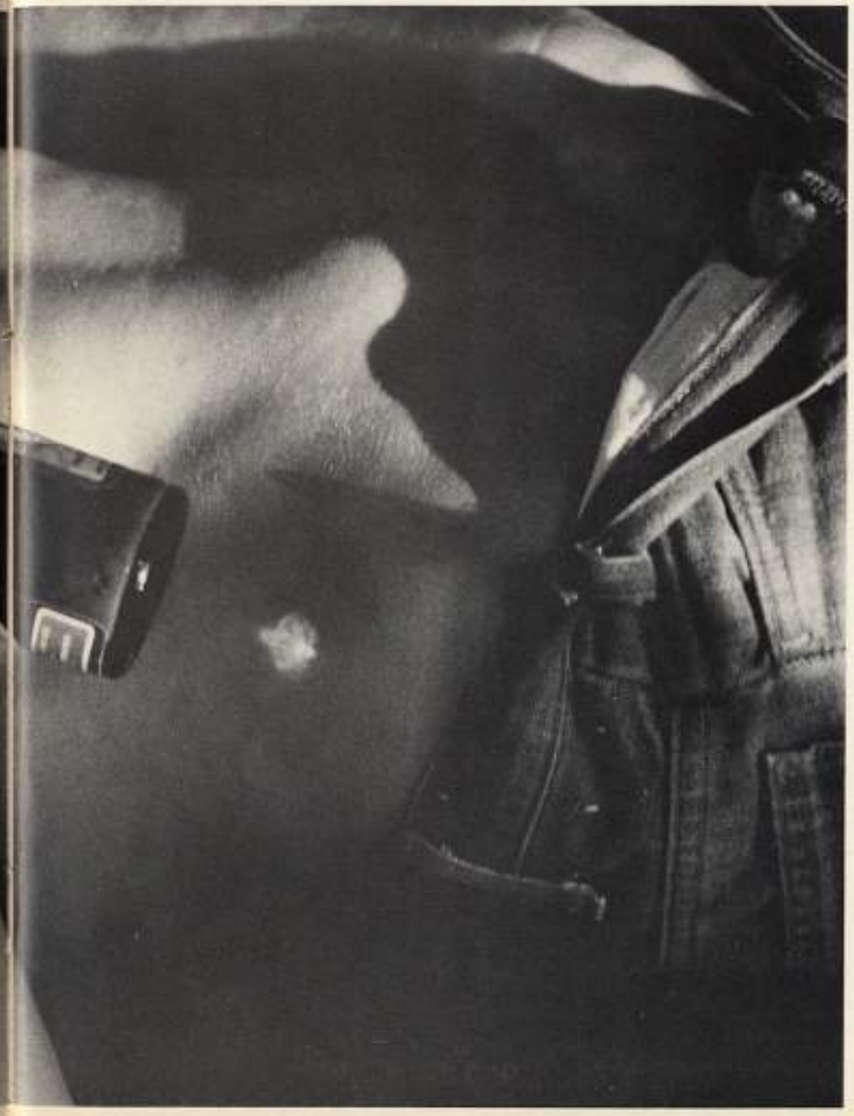
Says Mr. Weiner: "You have to watch out for beer, because although it's lower in calories and tastes lighter, five bottles of beer are more easily consumed than, say, four vodka collinses. Or wine or mixed drinks. Beer is served in 12-ounce bottles that are hard to drink, one-per-session. Then, too, each ounce of beer has 12 carbohydrate grams — liquor has none, and wine ranges from zero to 25%. So it's best to have a relatively low-cal meal with few carbohydrates if you're planning an evening of beer-guzzling."

As previously mentioned, many drinkers are turning to "lights," but beer authority Janet Spencer King advises: "This variety is not, as the name implies, noted for its robust flavor, [but] its sweeping popularity has resulted in the appearance of 14 new brands to date, with new ones coming out almost monthly — the best-sellers are Miller Lite and Anheuser Busch Natural Light. A word of caution, though: with light's lower alcohol content, you may be tempted to drink *more* of it, but giving in to the urge would cancel your gains, so to speak."

Beer should always be stored vertically, so that less of it is exposed to air and oxidation; cool, dark places are best. The best temperature at which to serve beer, of course, varies, and Europeans view with disgust the American habit of serving it ice-cold, while Americans overseas are often literally sickened by warm or even hot (on summer days) brews. American beers, though, seldom taste as good at room temperature, as they're not brewed to the same specifications as the European, which may indeed taste somewhat weird when chilled. Most European beers are served between 40 and 45 degrees Fahrenheit. The serving of beer is less complicated, and hosts and hostesses are now serving it in wine glasses.

Regarding what to serve beer with, Ms. King advises"... Soft-shell crabs, English sausage, German specialties of all kinds and of course picnic dishes. Considering beer's variety, though, there's little you *can't* serve with it except for delicate French foods, which really do require wine." Hearty ales go especially well with steak, but with cheese, fruits and desserts, a light lager is more in order. Kirin beer is ideal with Japanese foods, and generally speaking, particular foreign labels go beautifully with their corresponding national cuisines.

Then, again, one need not necessarily *drink* beer, for it has long been a common cooking ingredient on the continent, where it is used for soup, to boil weiners or shrimp, or even as a meat tenderizer. Joan Feely of the U.S. Beer Brewers Association has a favorite marinating sauce for flank steak: One-half cup beer, one-half cup soy sauce and two tablespoons of honey, mixed and marinated with meat for at least three hours. Beer may also be used instead of wine, in almost everything but cream sauces, and has even been recommended for washing one's hair. Small wonder, then, that the brew will likely be around forever. ■



**"Of course he liked hundred dollar bills for their own sake, and he knew, the moment he opened the envelope, that he didn't have to work for a week. But what he liked best about the *business* of hustling was the cash flow, how it demanded not the slightest shred of his attention."**

# GOLD DIGGERS

FICTION BY PAUL MONETTE

## PART ONE

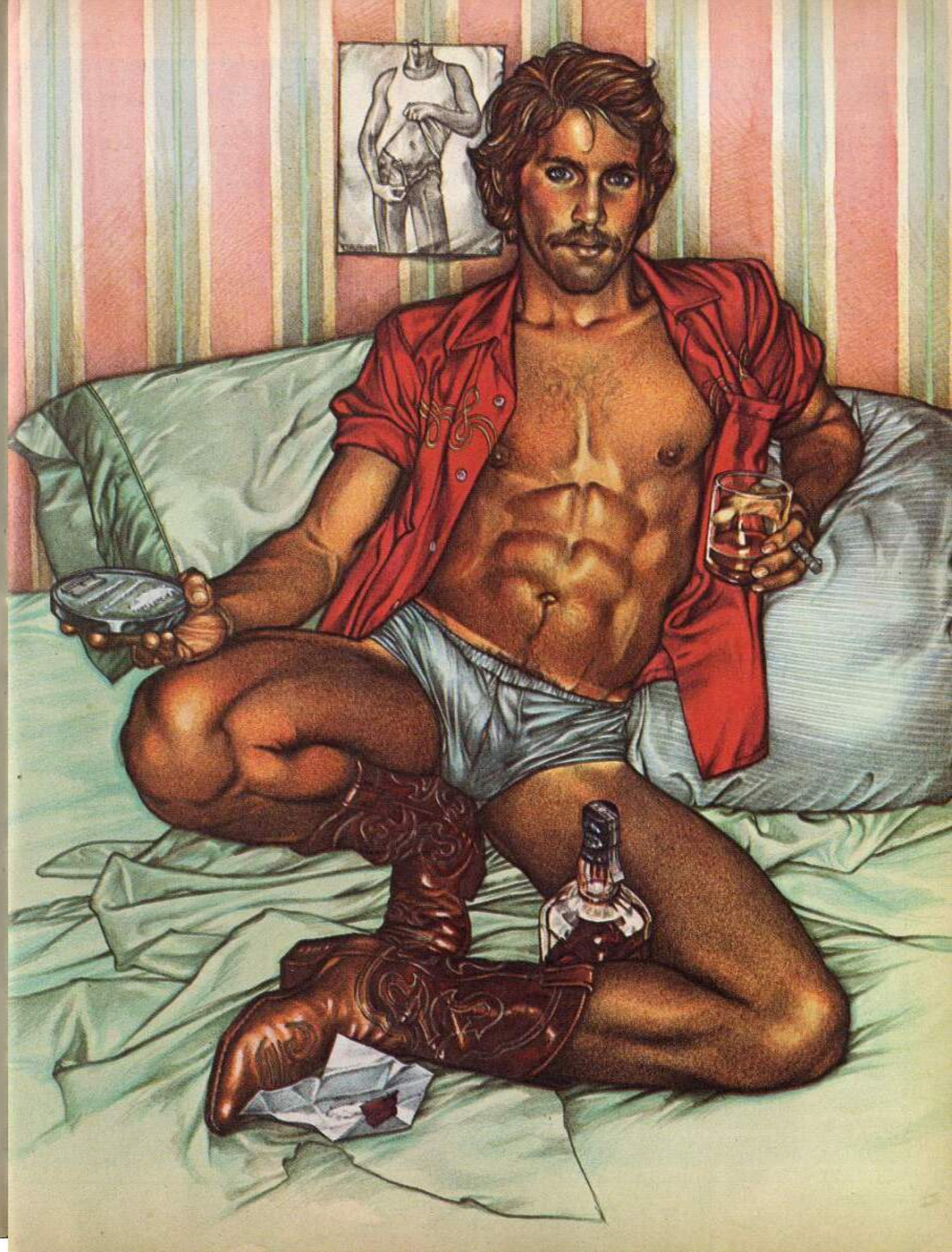
Sam didn't get the story straight for three or four days, but it was his own fault. He didn't pay attention the first couple of times Nick called. He made non-committal noises here and there and kissed it all goodbye, because he didn't really believe what Nick was telling him. Sam heard stories all the time. He was used to scaring off married men and men with futures. As soon as it hit them they had gone too far, gotten too involved, they back-pedaled, threw the bolts, and went to unlisted numbers. *Sam* never got too involved, and his manner with any man went unchanged from the first encounter to the last, assuming he permitted more than one. They didn't have to worry about him sticking around. He always took the first hint when things were over, as he did now. All he knew was that Nick promised him Thursday afternoon in Bel-Air that they could make it in Nick's own bed the next day and then take steam and then a

*(Continued on page 17)*

Copyright © 1979 by Paul Monette. A chapter from the forthcoming novel, *The Gold Diggers*, by Paul Monette to be published by Avon this Spring.



ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE STAVRINOS



"You can find them in Denver, in Texas, in Maine — in fact anywhere if you're really keen. But if it's the real thing you want, oh boy, you'll be needing a time machine."

# THE NEW COWBOYS

## Or, The Stagecoach Doesn't Stop Here Anymore

BY PETER ENGLISH

Conditioning can be a wonderful thing. It can teach us not to accept the mediocre once the gloss of a magazine or the magic of a movie has instructed us to hope for something better. First off, let me confess that if I knew where the *real* cowboys were I wouldn't be sitting here going through my address book. I would be heating up a pot of re-fried beans over a campfire waiting for a Cool-Hand Duke or a Quick-Draw Drew to come home from a hard day on the range. Unfortunately, the closest I've got to the range recently is the microwave oven at Drake's coffee shop in West Hollywood where, characteristic of machomania, a constant parade of boys in leather harnesses whip by in pursuit of men in Stetson hats, the keys and bright bandanas dangling loudly from their Levi belt loops. I have dismissed this mutant of the cowboy along with the Beverly Hills variety (who sport neatly pressed creases in their MacKeen couture jeans) on the grounds of their general lack of soul, class and individuality.

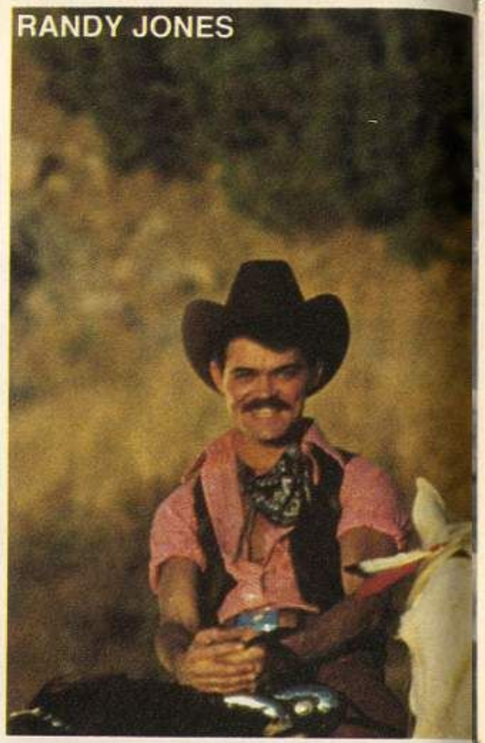
Everybody I've questioned is intrigued by the subject of cowboys. I, however, remain confused, bearing in mind that this is 1979 and we do have Dial-A-Divorce, Dolby sound, angel dust and John Travolta as integral parts of our culture.

Time was when everyone in the West could be a cowboy for the price of a gun at the hip, a hat on the head, a horse between the thighs and Indians to slaughter. Well, the Indians are now too busy either trying to defend the remnants of their culture or forming fan clubs for Marlon Brando to defend their former territories; horses have been replaced by horsepower; rednecks and muggers have cornered the gun market, and these days hats are more a fashion statement than anything else. The once wild west has been truly tamed and the cowpokes of old seem to exist only on movie sets.

The original cowboys were, paradoxically, Indians, and the blame for this must be laid on the early Spanish missionaries who not only lent a hand in the creation of the Chicano, but also trained the native Indians to handle cattle. It is from these Indians, or "vaqueros" as they were known in the trade, that the white man learned his own method of handling cattle. From these white settlers, pulp fiction writers, struggling to pay rents on their adobe dwellings, drew inspiration to churn out the "Penny Westerns" so popular at the turn of the century and which turned the American male on to the idea of what a cowboy should be. Ultimately came Hollywood with a celluloid blitz that once and for all determined our mental picture of these rugged individualists who would eventually serve as role models for so many

*(Continued on page 76)*

RANDY JONES



CHARLES FRANK

CARLTON FULLER

Photo: Kenneth McGowan

JOHNNY WYOMING

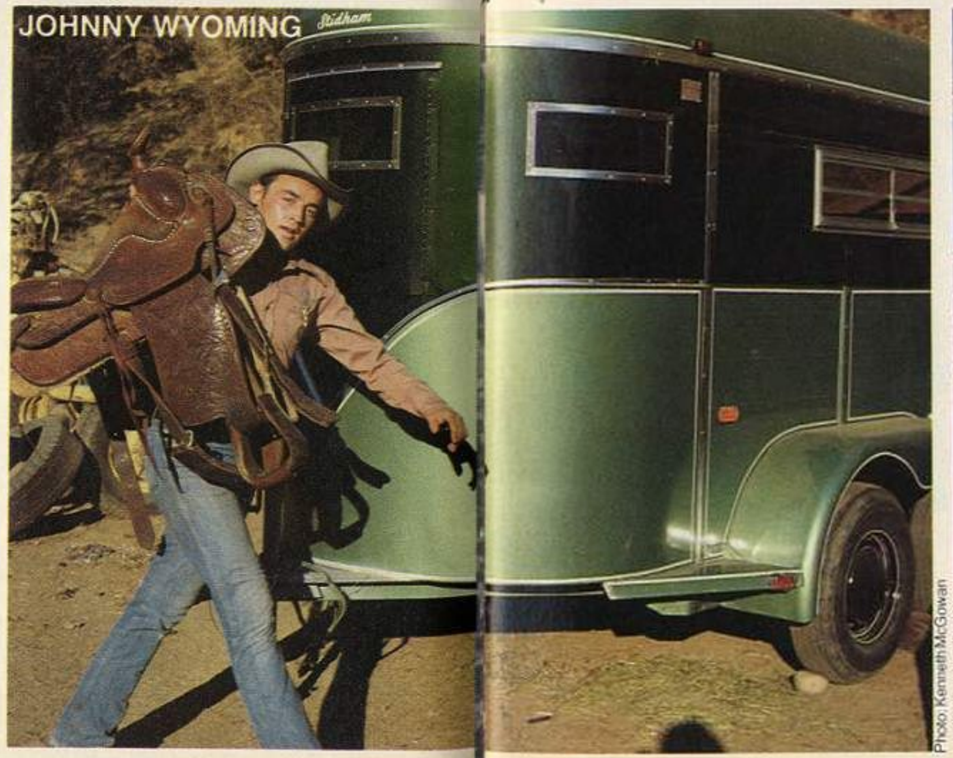


Photo: Kenneth McGowan

TOM GILLMAN

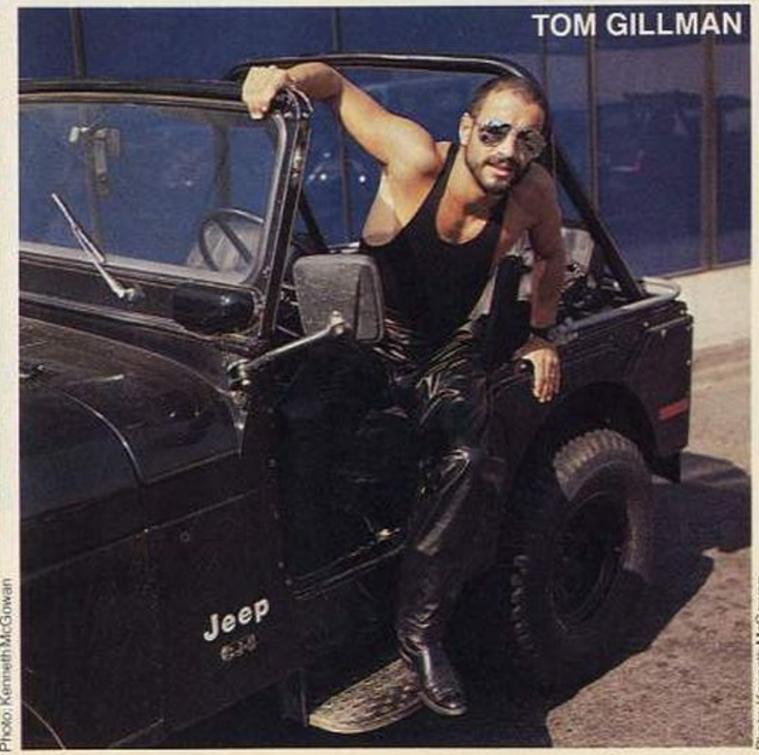



Photo: Kenneth McGowan

"Western gear," says *Vogue* magazine, "is the going item." What must go with this statement about "gear" as a major influence on total fashion, however, is the understanding that (as Charles Hix points out in his *Dressing Right*) "the real-thing garments are the rough and tumble ones worn by the guys on the range." The street guys, on the other hand, want a bit of '70s style with their range rags, and most don't want to be turned out like raving Rhinestone Cowboys. The real message here — less self-conscious innovation, more practicality — brings New Cowboy Chic into line with all the applied arts, in which functionalism becomes the ultimate criterion. So ... for stylishly rugged nights on the town ... dress right. And that's where *Blueboy* comes in. With a little acknowledgment to the senior pardners in the New Cowboy fashion industry — Ralph Lauren, Fiorucci in New York, Cutter Bill in Dallas and Houston, Nudie in North Hollywood — we present duds that are forthright and functional ... and appropriate on the Happy Trails of all contemporary cowpokes.

FASHION EDITED & STYLED BY JOSE VILELA/PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALEX SANCHEZ/TEXT BY FITZGERALD

Ralph Lauren.

Cutter Bill's gear.

The Cowboy according to Hix.

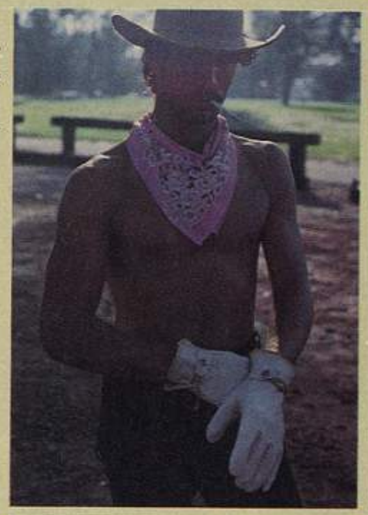
**Plaid shirt with corduroy shoulder patch, by Levi; $21. Tan leather necktie by Vickie Davis; $18. Leather belt; $15. Riding crop; $4.98. (Opposite page): Red gabardine shirt with snap-button front placket, by Halt Wayne; $36. Bolo leather string tie; $3.98. Leather belt; $7.98.** (All western gear furnished by **ROBERTS WESTERN WEAR,** 5854 South Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla.)

# COWBOY CHIC

Flannel shirt by Rapper; about $14. Bow tie; $3. Green & white bandana $1. Leather belt; $15. Stetson felt hat; $45.

Red flannel shirt by Rapper; $14. Yellow corduroy pants by Arthur Richards; $65. Indian-design leather belt by Chambers; $13. Beige leather hat by Stetson; $37.

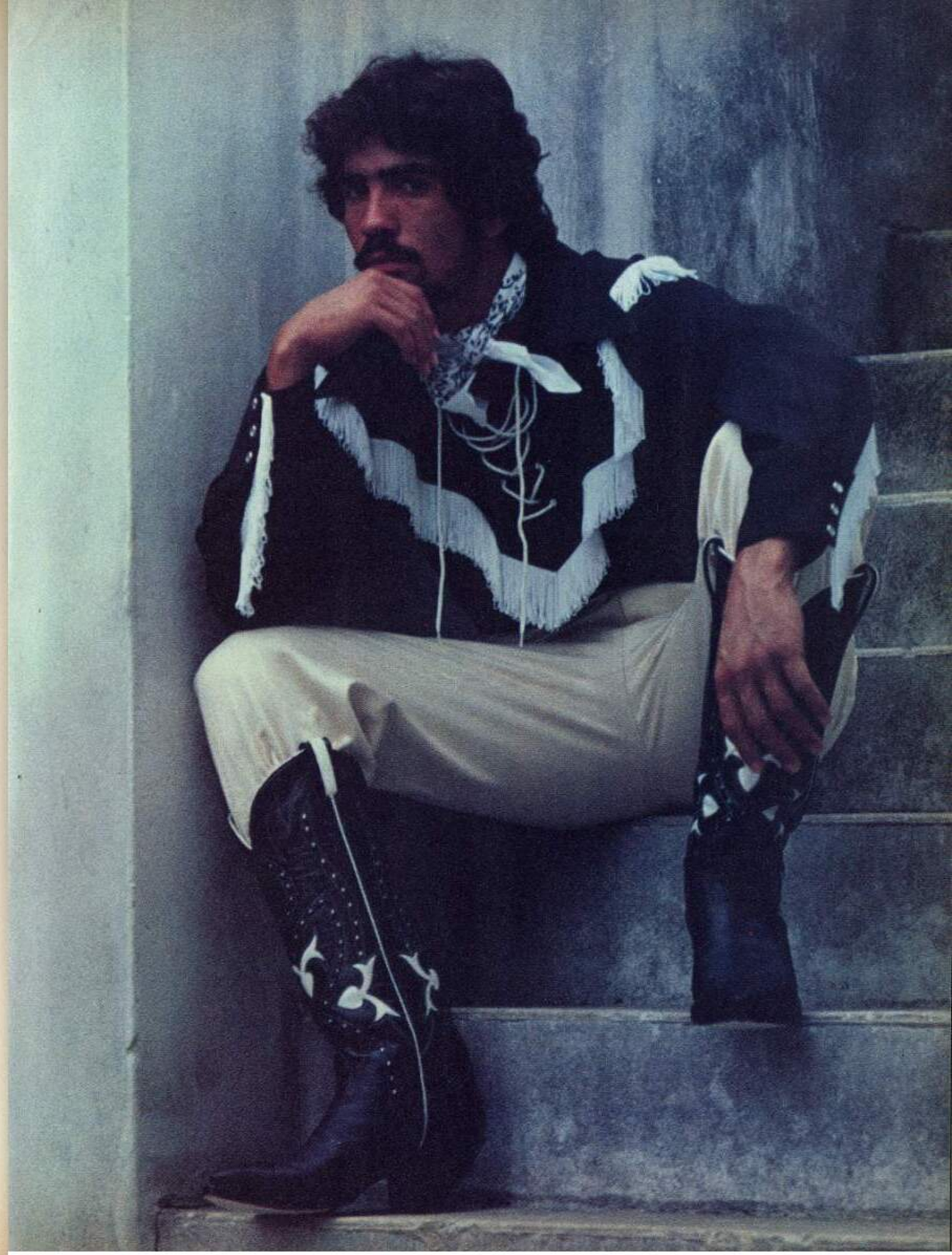
Light beige gloves by Fairfield; $7.98. Belt, $15; buckle, $12. Black jeans by Fiorucci; $45.

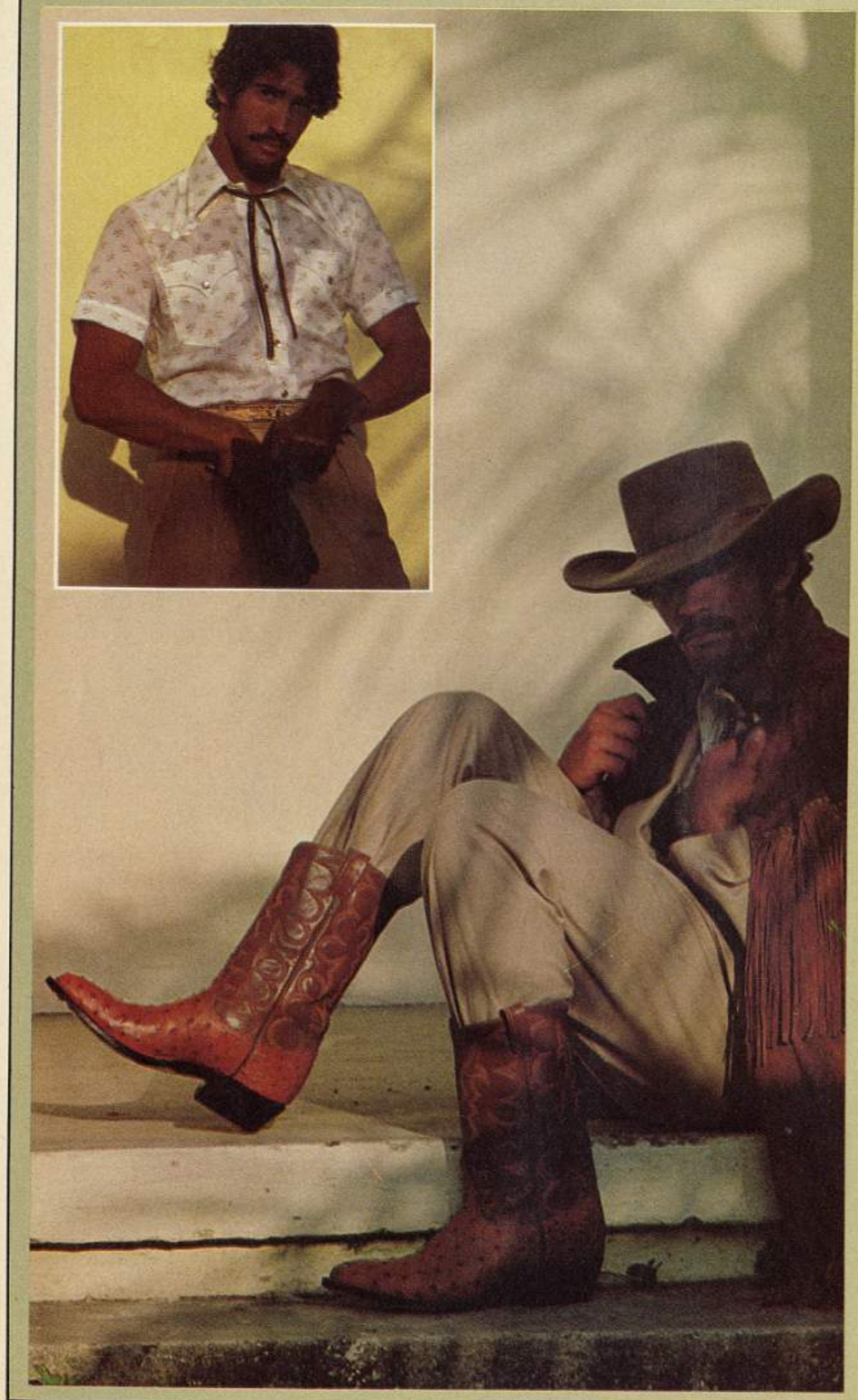


Yves Saint Laurent corduroy jeans; $37.50. Tan suede gloves with wool lining; $10. Leather belt; $15.

Wool plaid blanket by Pendleton; $35. Denim overalls by Washington Dee Cee; $19. Knit sweater by Rafael; $100. Suede gloves; $10.

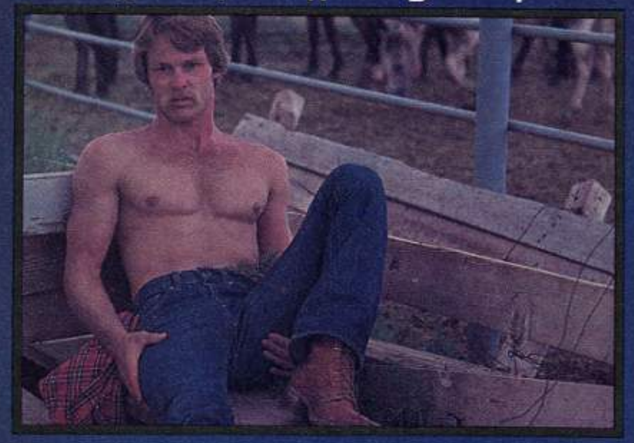
Black gabardine shirt with white fringe, by H Bar C; $27.50. Jeans by Levi; $17.50. Black leather gloves by Hanover; $13.98. (Opposite page): St. Laurent jeans; $30. Black leather polo boots by Justin; $175.



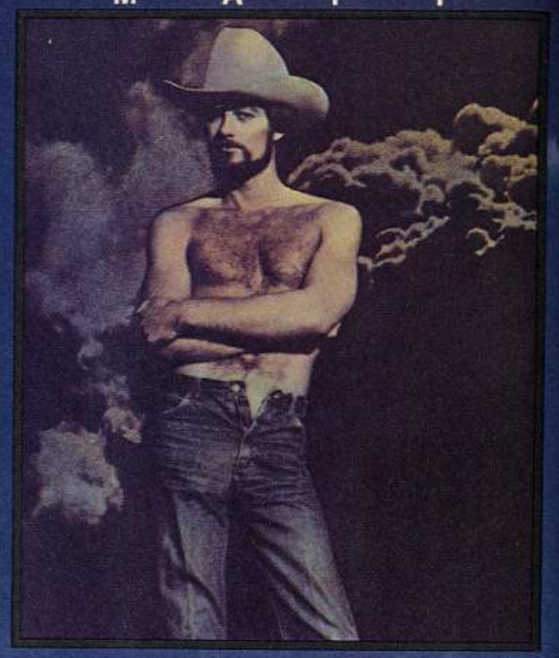


Short sleeve cotton shirt by H Bar C; $13.50. Silk ribbon tie by Vickie Davis; $10. Leather belt with silver buckle; $41. Brown leather gloves by Hanover; $13.98. Ostrich and leather boots by Justin; $325. (Opposite page): 100% cotton double-breasted suit by Yves St. Laurent; $200. Suede fringed jacket by Joe K; $135. Cotton pocket square by Echo; $7.

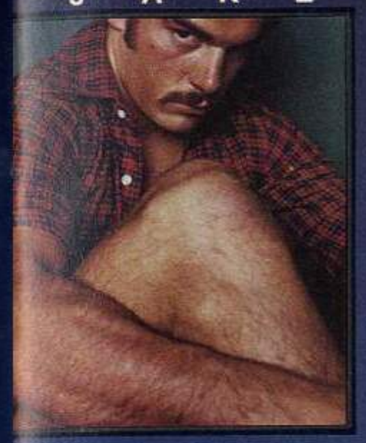
KIRBY



MATT



JAKE



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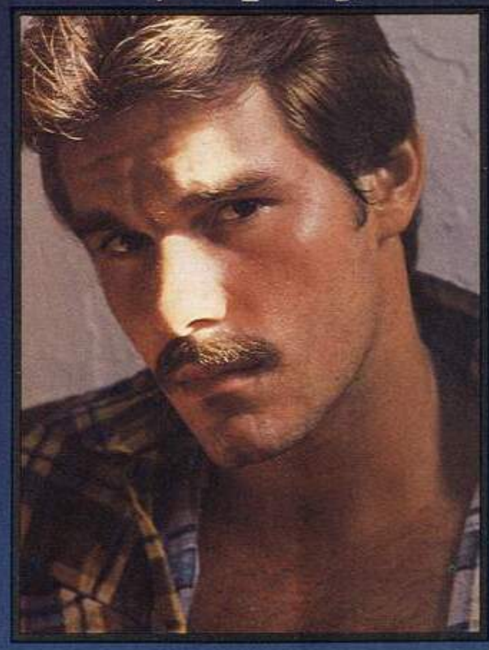
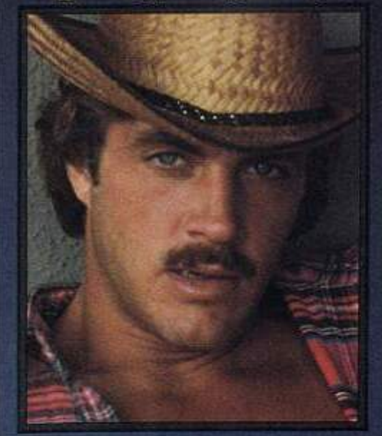


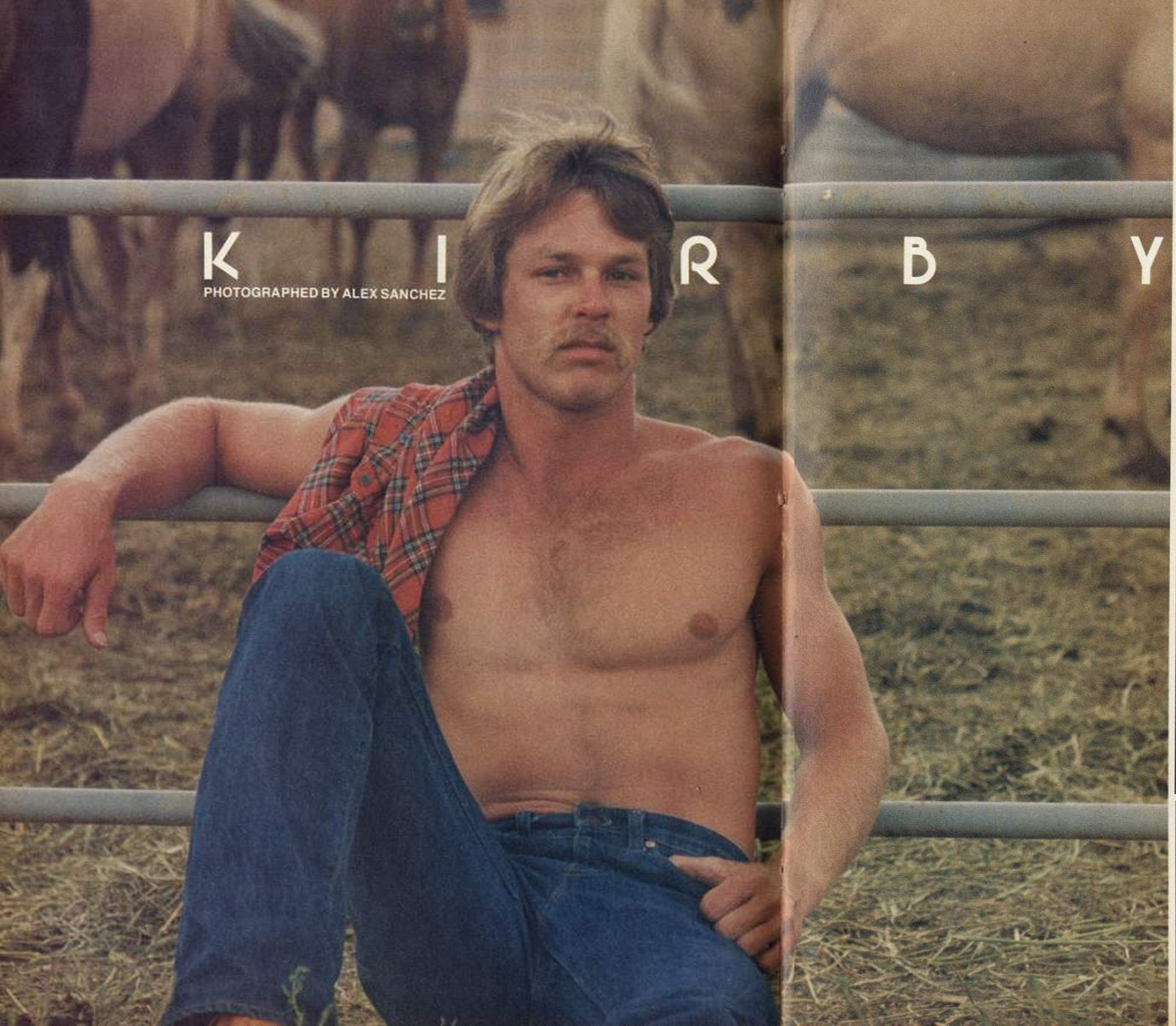
BART

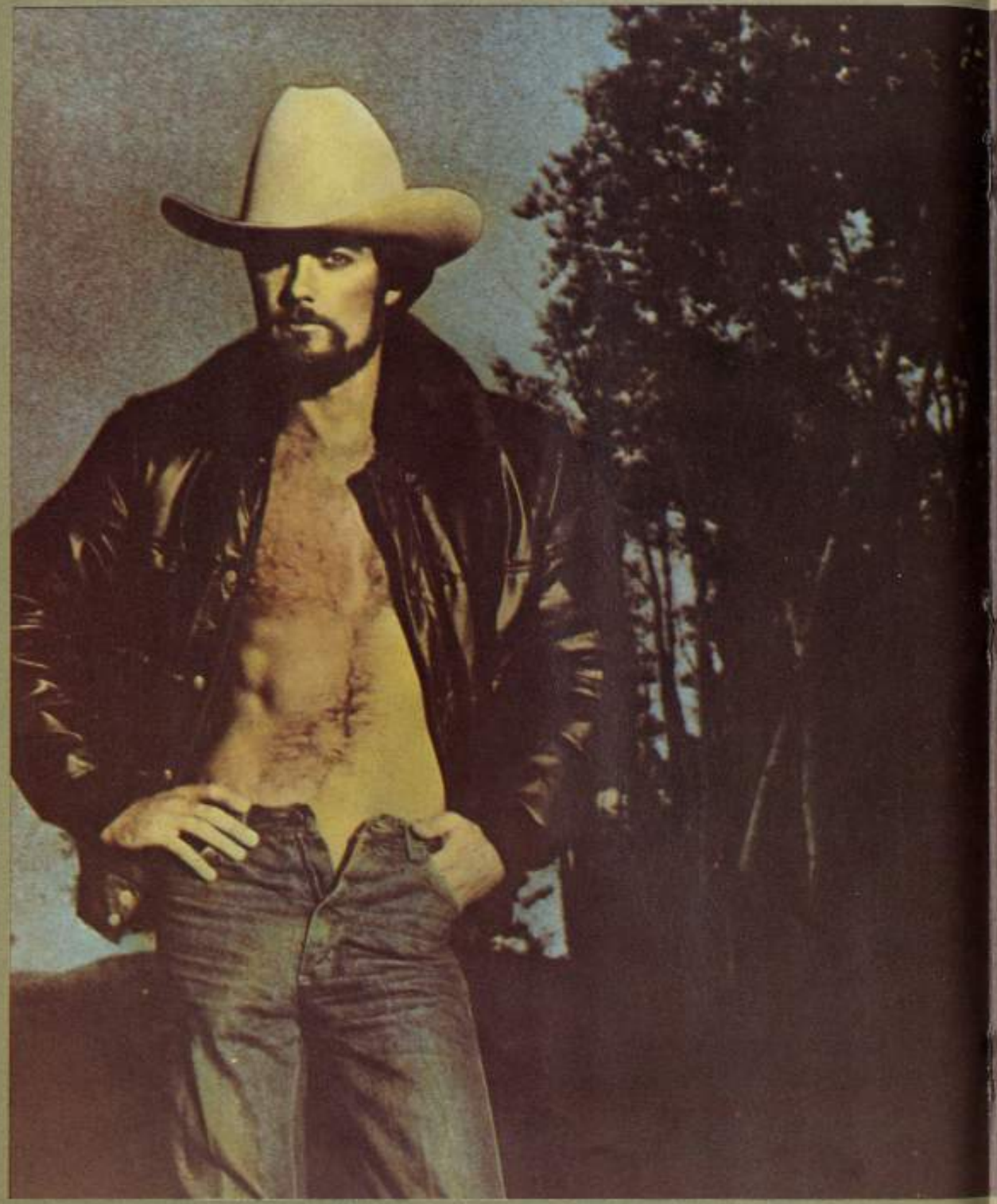


# THE OUTLAWS

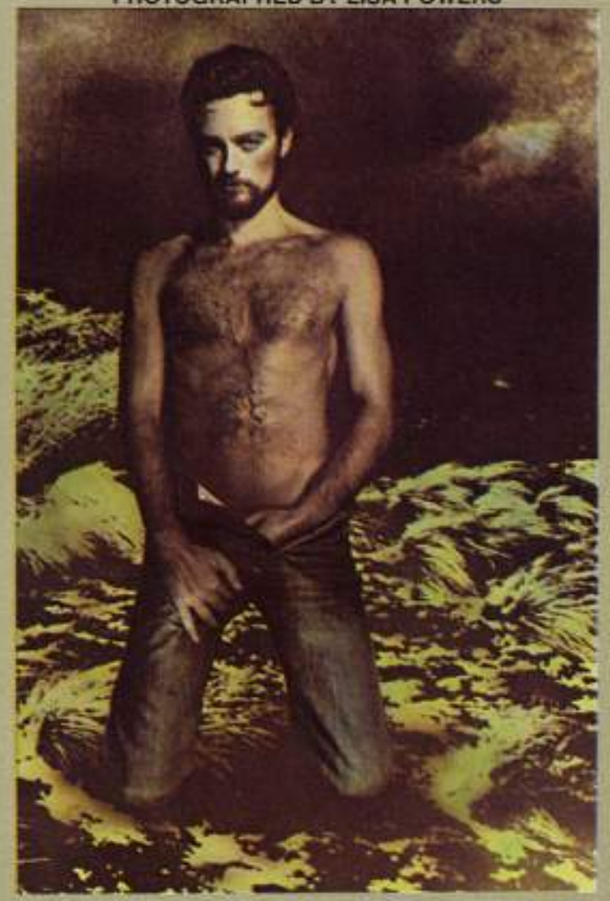
# KIRBY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALEX SANCHEZ





PHOTOGRAPHED BY LISA POWERS



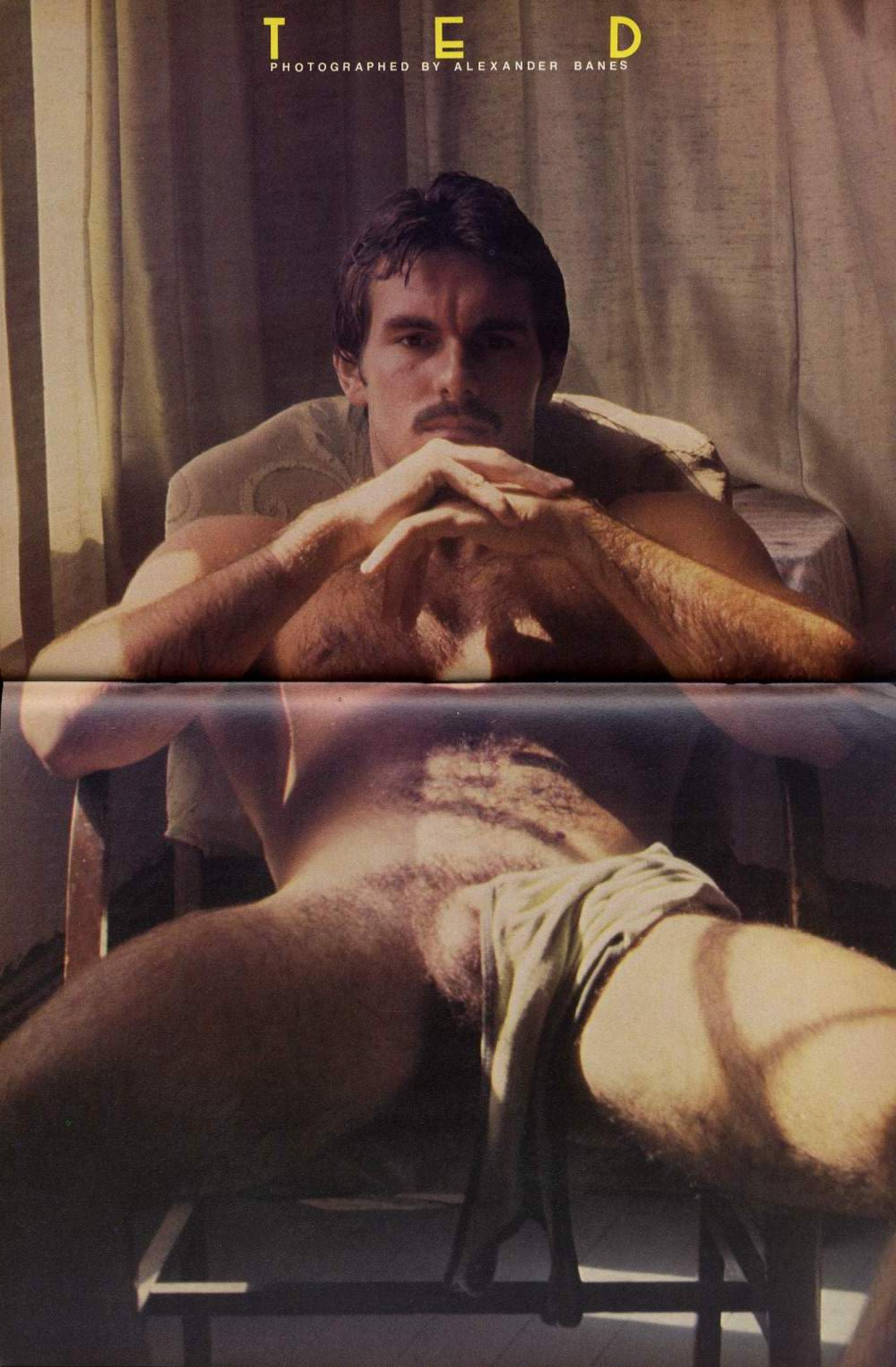
# MATT

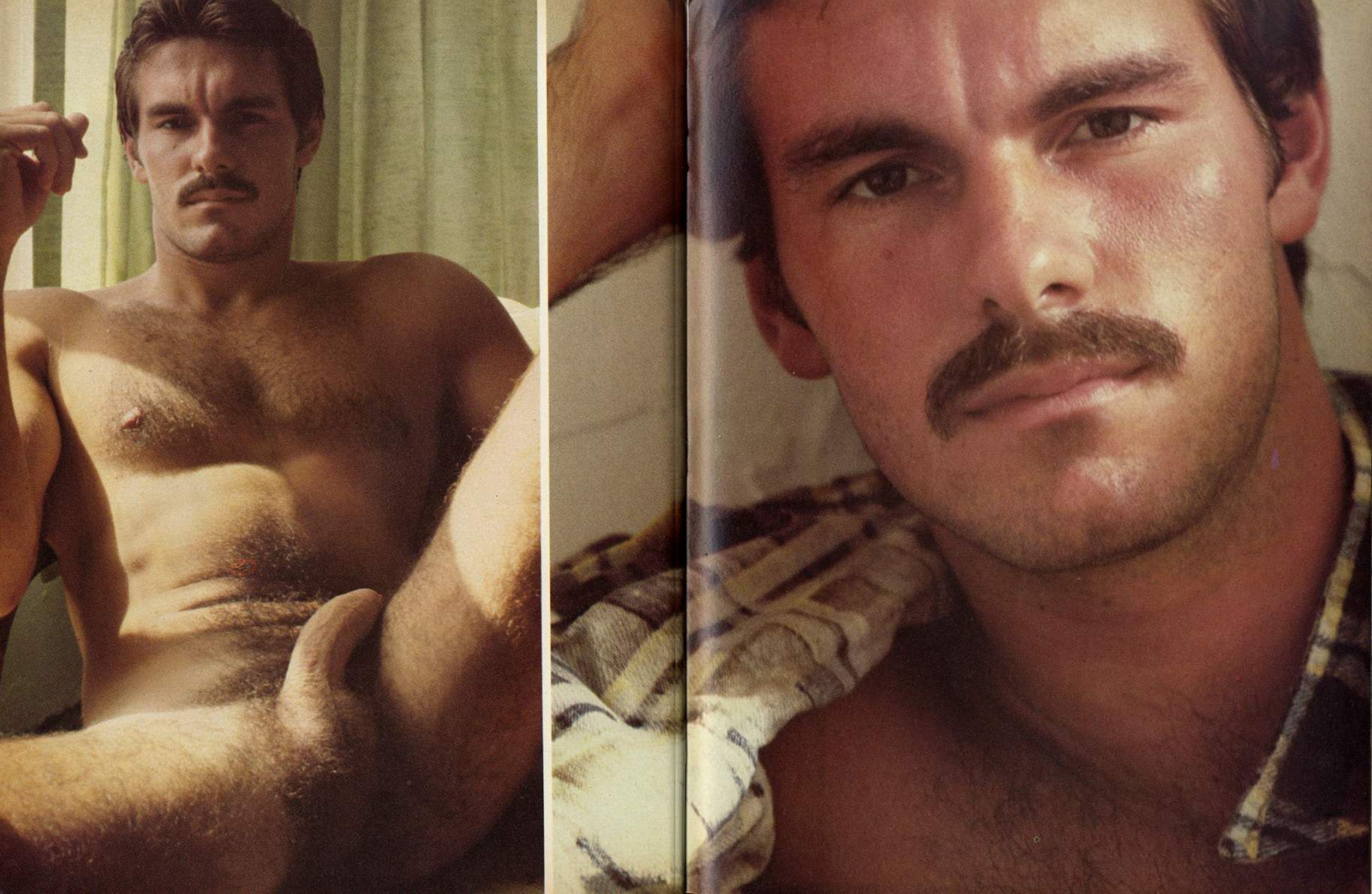
# J A K E

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MILOS

# T E D

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALEXANDER BANES





PHOTOGRAPHED BY NIELSON/BAJANDAS

# BART

# THE CANYON DE CHELLY

## THE ORIGINAL FRONTIER

One of the more paradoxical aspects of the Canyon de Chelly is its familiarity. You think you've seen it before in television commercials or Westerns and that maybe it's part of the Grand Canyon.

Actually, the Canyon de Chelly (pronounded "du shay") lies considerably east of the Grand Canyon, about a three-hour drive from Flagstaff, Arizona. In 1931, the 130-square mile area was designated a National Monument, one officially owned by the Navajo Tribe. That's the official background of this ancient frontier.

Geologically, the Canyon de Chelly began to form some 230 million years ago, and archeological excavations place its earliest human habitation at approximately 200 A.D. Those first-known occupants, believed to have crossed into North America from Asia, were known as the Anasazi — "The Ancient People." By the early 1300's, however, the Canyon had been abandoned by the Anasazi — probably due to severe drought — and not until the mid-1700's, after a turbulent period of re-settlement by Pueblos, Navajos and the colonizing Spaniards, did the area again sustain an indigenous civilization. Then, in 1864, the legendary Kit Carson led the American Army in "subduing" the Navajos.

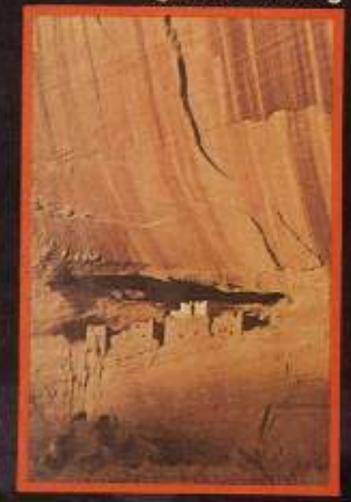
Today, 111 years after the signing of the Treaty of Peace between the Navajo Tribe and the United States government, the Canyon de Chelly remains a majestic, awesome wonder of nature — and of history.

TEXT BY FITZGERALD
PHOTOS BY ALEX SANCHEZ



**Sandstone monolith: The famed "Spider Rock" is over 800 feet high, one of the most spectacular formations in the canyon complex.**

**Pueblo dwellings on the canyon floor provided access to the upper dwellings recessed in the walls as a precaution against flooding.**



ARTICLE BY PETER JARET

"The attitude in most Alaska," Will tells me, "is strictly live-and-let-live. Nobody gives a damn what you do as long as you don't get in their way. I think you could probably start screwing right outside there on the sidewalk and no one would give a shit as long as you weren't blocking the way."

We are sitting in a bar called "The Red Dog Saloon," on Franklin Street in Juneau, Alaska—facing, behind the bar, the mounted head of a Kodiak brown bear. This is the world's record Kodiak—the bartender has already told me—and the Kodiak bear, named for the Alaskan island it inhabits, is the largest species of brown bear in the world. It's claws alone measure more than six inches, the male Kodiak tipping the scales at something like 1,200 pounds. The bartender has also pointed out an original thirteen-star flag above the door ("You sure as hell don't see many of those."), a Narwhale's tusk ("Second largest in the world ... but, then, they can't seem to find the first.") and Wyatt Earp's gun, "which he checked when he came in here and never reclaimed." The tall tale was born on the frontier, and here in Alaska, the last frontier, I'm not sure how much of this to believe. But later, when I ask Will about it, he promises me that the bartender is right; they're all the genuine article.

Will is in his early thirties, an administrator who has worked in Juneau for almost four years. He's dark-haired, good-looking and, like most of the people I will meet in Alaska, happy to talk.

"Juneau is sometimes called a little San Francisco," he tells me. "Because of the

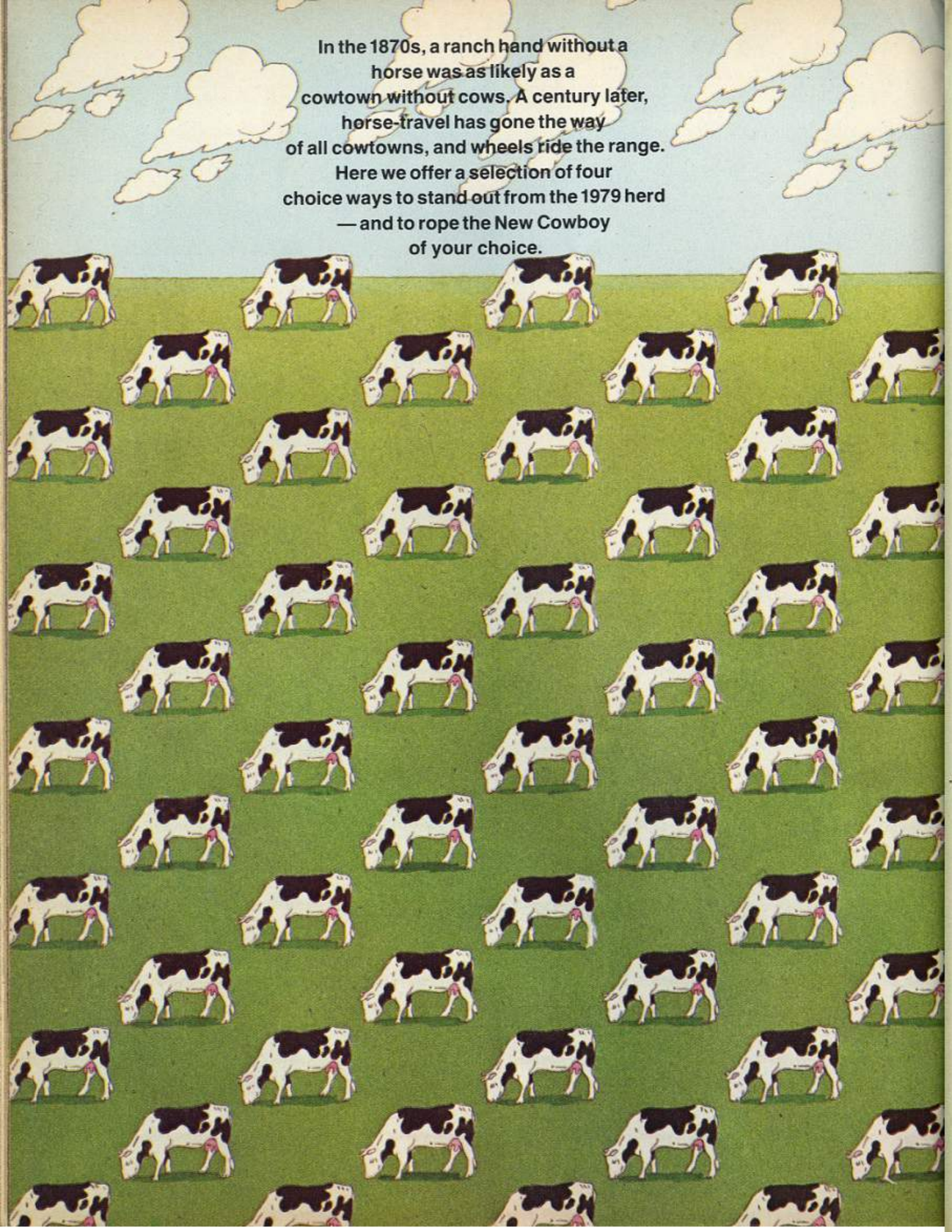
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
PETER JARET AND STEVEN PETERSON

*Continued on page 70)*

**The values in Alaska are the value of the wilderness: Self-sufficiency, individualism, freedom. As long as there's room to move, there's room for a hell of a lot of tolerance. That's what most people come here for and that's why most people stay on.**

# ALASKA

## THE LAST FRONTIER



In the 1870s, a ranch hand without a horse was as likely as a cowtown without cows. A century later, horse-travel has gone the way of all cowtowns, and wheels ride the range. Here we offer a selection of four choice ways to stand out from the 1979 herd — and to rope the New Cowboy of your choice.

# ROUGH RIDERS

JAGUAR XJ-S

CHEVROLET CORVETTE

SUBARU BRAT

FORD MUSTANG

## JAGUAR XJ-S

Not everyone can own a Jaguar XJ-S. And that alone, in terms of the culture we live in, makes this sporty coupe very desirable. The reasons everyone can't have one of the 12-cylinder beauties are: Limited production (only 2,000 are shipped from Great Britain for direct sale in the U.S. each year) and high cost. The car is very expensive — roughly $25,000.

Probably the most remarkable fact about the Jaguar XJ-S is that the driver can, say, light a cigarette or tune in the radio or converse nonchalantly with his passengers while cruising at 140 miles per hour. Who needs such speed in these days of 55mph speed limits? No one; but such capability, such *poise*, is nice to have underfoot.

Hidden below is a 326 cubic inch engine, with aluminum block and heads. The Jaguar is not delivered with a set of custom-fitted tools for home remedy, for it needs constant and proper attention from trained mechanics. This exclusive feature merely adds to the extravagance of owning a luxurious Jag that averages 12 miles per gallon (for both town and country) and often dips below 10 mpg under an indulgent foot. The XJ-S ride is tense, but not unyielding, and, under the power and pressure of the V-12, mangles otherwise bumpy roads into smooth surfaces. The power disc brakes and power-assisted steering operate superbly, leaving the driver with the distinct impression that this Jag is the ultimate servant.

And it has a beautiful body. Approximately the same size as a Camaro, the car is less than four feet high and weighs around 4,000 lbs. It is streamlined, with a smoothly flowing shape that adheres to the principles of aerodynamic design. The grill is tiny and inconsequential, except to let in cooling air. Across the rear end are stretched huge, broad-beamed tailights which, combined with the prominent, distinctive styling of the wheels, give the XJ-S a forceful character, not to be confused with any other road car. The first time I saw one of these Jags on the road, I had to pull up close to determine what kind of car it was; now that I know, I'll never forget. And each time I see the car, I like its looks better. It's another classic, very elegant in that peculiar way only a Jaguar can be.

Power-assisted rack and pinion steering, air conditioning and a limited-slip dif-

BY WALTER VATTER/ILLUSTRATION BY LISA ADAMS

ferential are standard equipment on the XJ-S. Other standard features are central door-locking systems, AM/FM multiplex stereo radios and tape players, and an on-board computer with a display of warning lights which allow the driver to monitor the car's most important mechanical and electrical functions. Each car rolls out of production with electronic fuel injection and a General Motors Turbo-Hydramatic transmission also used by Rolls Royce and Ferrari. (A manual, four-speed transmission can be ordered.) Standard luxury accessories include power windows and leather-upholstered seats. Unfortunately, this "sporty" Jaguar does not come equipped with a wood-paneled dashboard, as does the sedan model.

While the XJ-S is offered by British Leyland as Jaguar's sport model, its coach is really more sedan than sports car. The car is comfortable inside, even in the back seats where there is plenty of leg and elbow room under a rather low ceiling. The driver needn't stretch far for anything, as instrument panels and switches (unlike the price tag) are all within easy sight and reach.

### CHEVROLET CORVETTE

One unbelievable yet undeniable fact about the 1979 Chevrolet Corvette is that it is — still — America's one and only production sports car. Another startling statistic about this fast, low-slung, well-built beauty is its cost. The car runs about $13,000 — a lot of money, to be sure, but in relative terms, not for this automobile.

The exterior design of the "Vette" is outstanding. Except for the very early models (1953 through the early Sixties), these cars are designed never to show their age. For one thing, the Corvette's exterior mass is molded entirely of corrosion-free plastic (fiberglass) which self-corrects minor bumps and scrapes and allows the paint job to look freshly waxed and new. Another reason for the car's perpetual aura of youth and freshness is that Corvette owners tend to take special tender loving care of their prized possessions.

It is corny to write that the Corvette looks like rolling sculpture? For me, it does. There is a particular mystique about the coupe's graceful lines, its long hood, well-proportioned cockpit area and mammouth wheels. I asked some fellow Corvette enthusiasts to comment on the car's looks. "Like a giant earth-moving machine, but weightless," was one reply. Another friend explained how he would look at the Corvette and be reminded of lovers on the beach under blankets. There is no denying the sex appeal of this car.

The interior of the Corvette, under the hood and behind the wheel, is just as exciting. The car is what I believe seasoned automobile writers refer to as a "nice package."

Standard equipment on this pride of the Chevy line includes a 5.7 litre, 4 barrel V-8 engine, fiberglass body reinforced with steel, power steering and power disc brakes on all four wheels, and front and rear and independent suspension, which accounts for this machine's agility on the speedway and secondary roads.

Standard equipment for your money: Removable roof panels (available at extra cost in tinted glass); retractable, power-operated dual headlights; steel-belted radial tires; an anti-theft system, which includes a key-reminder buzzer, steering column lock, and audio alarm. Insurance for the Corvette, of course, is traditionally high. Besides being America's favorite sports car to own and drive, the Vette is also America's favorite car to steal.

Chevrolet offers three transmissions: One, a four-speed manual; two, a close-ratio four-speed manual (for racing precision); and three, an automatic. Manual transmissions are not available in California, or on any cars equipped with high-altitude emission equipment. Some available options are: Air conditioning; tilting, telescopic steering wheel; automatic speed-control (set a desired speed and take your foot off the pedal); electric rear-window defogger; power windows; and, power door locks. The Corvette is big and sophisticated enough to handle any or all of these power options with ease. Often times, extra electrical equipment on sports cars simply drains them of power, making the car difficult to drive and undependable. Not so with the Corvette "power package."

While the Corvette is delivered with an AM/FM radio as standard equipment, a more sophisticated sound system may be ordered direct from the GM factory. There is an AM/FM Citizens Band radio with a tri-band power antenna, 8-track stereo or cassette tape, and dual-stereo rear speakers.

Trunk space (really a luggage "compartment") is reached through the cockpit. Removal of one or both of the roof panels makes for easy access. Besides the luggage compartment, there is enclosed storage space directly behind each of the bucket seats. One of these small storage bins can be locked. When the car is parked, both the trunk room and the storage bins are completely hidden from view by a wide curtain which rolls over the entire area.

The Corvette is easy and comfortable to drive. The four-spoke steering wheel is rather small, but easy to manipulate. The various gages and switches are all within close eye and finger range. The illustion of largeness, created by the Corvette's exterior design, extends to its interior, where I at no time felt like I was sitting in a small car. I'd like to travel cross-country in a Vette.

### SUBARU BRAT

The time of the mini-truck is upon us. I knew the time was coming two years ago, when a Mercedes-driving, Beverly Hills banker-friend picked me up at the LA airport in a Toyota truckette. We drove on the beach, over the open range and out into the desert. It was macho before its time. And still is.

In my estimation, of all the four-wheel drive mini-pickups on the market, the Subaru BRAT is the perfect choice. For one thing, it is cheaper than most of its competitors, with a base sticker price of approximately $5,200. Like luxury sedans costing five times that amount, the BRAT rolls off the production line equipped with rack and pinion steering (which simply disallows any possibiliy of "play" in the wheel as you drive), power-assisted front disc brakes, and independent suspension on all four wheels.

Suspension is important on these little sporting trucks, for besides helping to create as nice a ride as possible on the road, "independent" suspension helps to eliminate the possibility of tipping over as you zoom across uneven surfaces *off* the road.

The 14-foot long, four-and-a-half-foot high BRAT, with its four-cylinder engine and 4-speed standard transmission, rides on an estimated 26 miles per gallon in town, and 36 mpg along the highway. The BRAT uses regular gas — a phenomenon in the 4-wheel drive class.

Standard equipment includes an AM radio, tinted glass, door-to-door carpeting, radial tires, and two molded plastic seats affixed in the open-air rear compartment. For more money, you can buy a camper top for the back area (in either molded fiberglass or canvas), air conditioning, a sliding rear window on the cab, and various other luxury, camping or comfort extras.

With its peculiar ability to virtually stand up and walk across snow or through mud with four-wheel drive, the BRAT is a lifestyle vehicle, one that complements outdoor living — especially if you want to go longer, farther, for less.

### FORD MUSTANG

I thought when I checked out this year's Mustang, it would be named Mustang III, a natural progression from the Mustang II. Not so. The 1979 model is an all-new car — bigger, better-built, better-looking. And it's back to the original name, the same one it galloped onto the automobile market with fifteen years ago — Mustang.

Anyone familiar with the successful Ford Fairmont is also familiar with the new size of the Mustang. They're practically the same. But the Mustang is the looker. This is one beautiful car, looking very much like a Mercedes coupe. While that comparison may not seem important to you, you must consider that part of what you buy in any automobile is outside styling, so it is pleasing to be able to purchase styling *similar* to the $20,000 Mercedes-Benz for less than one-fourth that amount. The basic sticker price of the new Mustang is still around $4,100. Of course, by the time you've added "extras" such as automatic transmission, air conditioning, a radio, special body and wheel trim, power steering and brakes, and any of a plethora of availble options, you're talking in the neighborhood of an additional $1,500 or $2,000, thereby increasing the cost of your basic car by about one-half, to the area of $6,000.

Probably the major difference between selecting and buying an American car, such as the Ford Mustang, and selecting and buying an imported car is that Detroit manufacturers require you pay for everything extra, or so it seems, and make choice after choice after choice about apparently simple matters like hubcaps. This year's Mustang offers a choice of five different hubcaps and wheelcovers, for instance. And there are seven different body models, the main difference being that each one is either a two-door sedan or a three-door hatchback. Other distinctions are based primarily on body trim and interior fittings.

You can order your dashing new-size Mustang with an uncomplicated four-cylinder engine, or an economical and fast V-6 or V-8. Each is available with either manual or automatic transmission, except for the "turbocharged" 2.3 litre, four-cylinder power package that is available only with a four-speed stick shift.

If you want a car that will seat four adults comfortably, handles well and economically, and is one of the best-designed American production-line cars in its class, check out the Mustang. ■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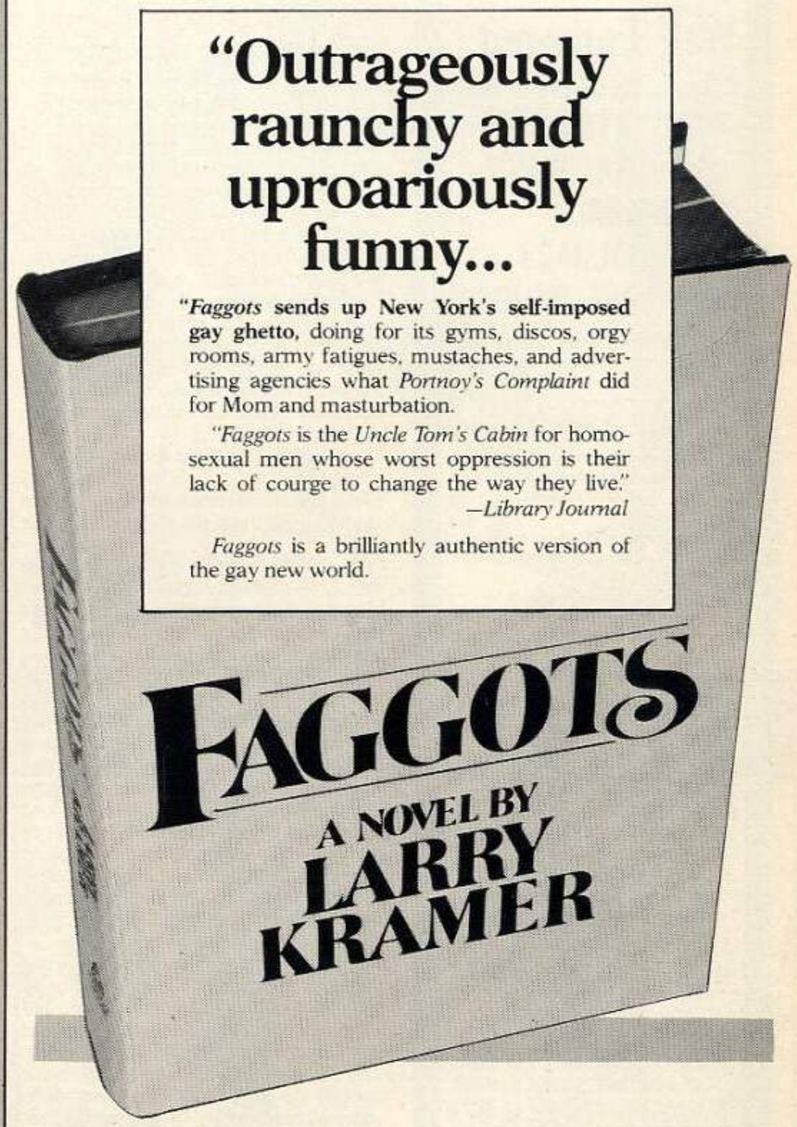


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# A L A S K A

(Continued from page 64)

steep narrow streets. The mountains. In a way, it's like a big city and a small town at the same time. With the government here, there are a lot of people coming and going. But the stable population of the city itself isn't much more than ten thousand. So you tend to know an awful lot about everyone else. Which would be a bad thing if this were anywhere but Alaska. But in Alaska, nobody gives a damn who you are or what you do."

In an hour of conversation, we've already managed to show our cards. Will tells me about a "friend" he visits frequently in Seattle. I explain that I do some freelance writing, mention *Blueboy*, and our conversation turns to the gay scene in Juneau.

"Actually, there's a lot more action around here than you'd think, especially when the cruise ships come in. I'm not kidding. Half the crew on those ships is gay."

Frankly, I'm a little surprised to discover that there's any gay scene at all, but Will assures me that there is. "Some of it's here, and some down at the hotel bar, but the best place to go, later, is a bar down the street. I'll take you down there after this set."

We've been listening to a piano player knock out some fast-fingered blues and rags from the other side of the bar, and while we go on listening I watch someone buy a six-pack from the bartender and bang it down on the piano. Will leans into me. "In Alaska you don't just buy the piano player a beer, you buy him a six-pack. And usually you wait around to make sure he puts it all down. Up here," he says, grinning, "everything's done in a big way."

The bar we go to is called "The Crystal Saloon and Ballroom—locally known as simply "The Crystal." It's a dancing bar with a live band, tables set up in back and an open porch that overlooks the harbor. The place is packed, and as we move through the crowd, Will introduces me to some of his friends. This is my first impression of Alaskans, and they are, for the most part, flannel-shirted, rugged-looking, friendly and almost disarmingly garrulous. I find myself engaged in conversation ranging from a comparison of marine and continental climates to the recent vote to move the capital of Alaska from Juneau to the little town called Willow. The Crystal is a mixed bar—gay and straight—but nobody seems at all uneasy about talking, cruising, dancing—in fact, everyone I meet seems stoned enought not to be worried about much. Smoking dope, I will discover, is a main Alaskan pastime. In Anchorage, Will tells me, people sit and smoke dope out on the lawn of the city hall at lunch hour.

The people I meet are government workers, fishermen, stewards, forest service personnel, shop clerks, bush pilots. Among them is Eric, a large red-haired man in his middle twenties who works out of Sitka, Alaska as a logger. He has been in Alaska since he was seventeen, he tells me—a long time by Alaskan standards, long enough certainly to make him a "sourdough." He's on his way up to Anchorage to blow some cash, he says, and then he explains that most loggers work at the camps for a few weeks, maybe even a month or more, and then take off for Seattle or Anchorage to spend their money on a good time. And when the money runs out, they sign on for another stint at one of the camps. The camps Eric works are set up on the wild islands of the Inside Passage, he tells me, accessible only by bush plane. "It's what I like. Working outside with a lot of other guys. No ties, no bullshit. Work when you want it. I tried living in the city for a little while—San Francisco—but it wasn't what I wanted. I was up here again inside of a month."

The picture of these logging camps, as far as I'm concerned, is straight out of someone's fantasy, and later I have a chance to ask Eric more about what goes on in them. He only grins, shakes his head, and then turns the question back to me. What do I think goes on, he wants to know, with that many guys together out in the middle of nowhere for a month at a time?

"But up here," he says, echoing what Will said earlier, "people aren't so uptight about what goes on. In Anchorage, maybe, they are. Anchorage is getting to be a big city now. But in most of Alaska people do just what they want to do. And they don't go slinging around names up here."

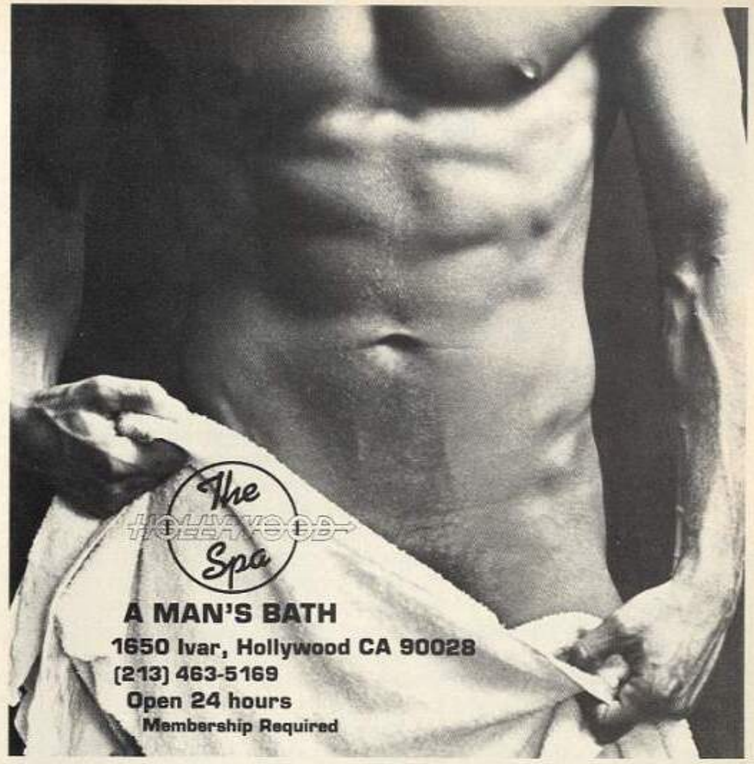
Charmed by the city and the people there, I end up spending a full week in Juneau. And by the time I'm ready to leave I have a long list of people to see and places to go on the rest of my trip through the state. Everyone here seems to know at least someone in almost any place you can name—which recalls for me how small a place Alaska really is, in spite of its being so big. For while the state includes an incredible 568,000 square miles—a full sixth of the U.S.—the population totals only 382,000 people, which is just about the population of Oklahoma City.

From Juneau I travel north to Fairbanks, where, in late June, the sun never sets. Fairbanks is a city that grew up first during the Gold Rush, with the stampedes of 1903 and 1904, and grew again during the construction of the Trans-Alaskan pipeline. Among the remaining evidence of the pipeline project are the prices in Fairbanks. Everywhere in Alaska, prices are high; in Fairbanks, they are higher. A single hotel room will cost you around fifty bucks a night. A deluxe cheeseburger with fries rings up to about three dollars, and a simple haircut begins at about twelve. Fairbanks is a sprawling city, sometimes compared to Los Angeles. And, like most Alaskan towns, it is full of contrasts. Modern shopping centers stand beside log cabins; fast-food places are built beside tumbled-down shacks. But it is a beautiful city too, with the Chena River cutting through its center and, to the south, rare glimpses of Mt. McKinley.

The bar in Fairbanks is called "Upstairs, Downstairs and Next Door," and its arrangement is the best example I can recall of Alaskan live-and-let-live. "Downstairs" is a straight stripper bar; "Upstairs" is gay, a small dancing bar with tables on either side and, at the back, an open area that looks down on the stage (and strippers) of "Downstairs." As for "Next Door," I don't know. It was closed while I was there, and no one I talked to seemed to know anything about it. The imagination runs wild.

I went on a Saturday night, the sun still glowing at midnight, and the bar was slower than I had expected. There were perhaps thirty people there, although tables were set up for twice that number. I sat down, ordered a drink, and a few minutes later was talking to Doug. He is twenty-five, with long dark hair and a rugged, powerful face. He had come up to Alaska to work on the pipeline project, he told me, and then stayed on. When I mentioned how quiet it seemed, he looked around the bar and shook his head. "You should've seen this place a few years ago," he told me. "Man, it was packed in those days. A lot of guys working construction. Fairbanks was a hot town. A boom town. Everybody was loaded and looking for a good time."

When I asked him what sort of things went on, he said: "Anything. Everything. I used to think it was like what the wild west must have been—a hell of a lot of guys and a handful of women. Everyone was horny as hell. There were a few places that were just crazy. Anything could happen. Most of the bars up here have some kind of bell—a ship's bell—some of them have a piece of the pipeline. Whenever the bell started ringing, it meant that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someone was treating the bar to a round. Man, I knew guys who ended up a couple thou poorer just for ringing the bell."

Later, when I asked Doug about the gay scene in Fairbanks, he said, "It's not much. You've got to go to Anchorage to find much of a scene. Even back in the pipeline days it wasn't exactly a gay scene up here—which doesn't mean there wasn't a hell of a lot of balling going on. Guys were balling each other in back rooms and out in the parking lots in those days. But there was nothing political about it, nothing radical. It was just plain balling for a good time."

Now, Fairbanks is in the process of settling down in the wake of the pipeline construction. Unemployment is high. Businesses that expanded during the rush have had to cut back. Half-empty bars are the rule now. When I asked Doug why he stayed, he said, "After a while I got to like this place, I guess. I mean, where else can you travel two hundred miles and be in the Arctic Circle, or a hundred miles south and be looking up at Mt. McKinley? And I was lucky, too. I found a job up here." And there was another reason, Doug told me. In 1980 the construction of the natural gas pipeline is slated to begin.

"A hell of a lot of guys I knew before went down to the Lower 48 to work until that got started. I figured I might just as well stay here and wait. Man, if the scene is anything like what it was in those days, I wouldn't miss it for the world."

In Fairbanks I decided to put off my trip to Anchorage for a few days in order to fly south to the little town of Kodiak—partly in the hope of snapping a picture of one of the legendary bears of the island, and partly out of curiosity. Almost everyone I had talked to mentioned Kodiak as one of the "hottest" places in Alaska, especially during the summer—surprising, considering that the town, with a population of only 5,000, is located on an island separated from the mainland of Alaska by nearly fifty miles. But the island is Alaska's largest—3,670 square miles—and the fishing fleet in Kodiak is the largest in the state. And during the summer the town swells with fishermen and seasonal workers from the rest of Alaska and the Lower 48.

I arrived in time for the Fourth of July celebration, and the streets were crowded with men—rugged looking, darkly tanned guys in their twenties and thirties mostly, dressed in jeans or army khakis, salt-caked boots, t-shirts and short wool caps. A boxing ring had been set up in the square, and an amateur boxing competition was in progress—part of the celebration, along with game booths and a constant barrage of firecrackers and one hell of a lot of drinking.

Kodiak is a town of bars. In the small shopping area surrounding the square there are six bars, and half as many liquor stores—all less than a city block from the harbor. Almost every bar has a live band. And music, as much as anything else, characterizes the bars—country and western, bluegrass, rock and roll, disco. Drink flows freely, as does cash. A bottle of beer goes for two dollars in Kodiak. A steak sandwich will cost you close to ten.

My friend Will in Juneau had already directed me to one of the bars on the mall which, he said, wasn't strictly gay but had a lot of action. Like all the places in Kodiak, it was a bar and restaurant, dimly-lit and crowded all the time. I sat at the bar, and a few minutes later I was talking to Mitch, a fisherman up from Seattle for the summer. Bearded, dressed in a loose cardigan sweater and jeans, he told me that he had just returned from five days out on the water. He owned his own boat, he said—a tugboat he had converted to a fishing boat—and he went out with two other guys from Seattle. "They're up in Anchorage now," he said, explaining that fishing out of Kodiak usually meant five or six days out on the water and three or four in dock.

He talked freely about fishing for almost half an hour, but everytime I tried to show my cards the way I had with Will in Juneau, he didn't seem to pick up on it. At first I thought I was wrong about him—but from the looks of things around the bar, Will had been right about the action there. We talked for a while longer, and then Mitch invited me back to see his boat. While we walked along the harbor he told me that most fishermen lived out of their boats about six months of the year, and if the season was good, they could make enough on the catch to take the rest of the year off. The harbor was crowded with boats. We could hear the sound of the bands on the mall. When we reached the boat, Mitch ushered me on board and showed me around. The living quarters consisted of fold-down bunks and a small kitchen. Mitch offered me a drink, we sat down on one of the bunks, and it wasn't long before I knew that I hadn't been wrong after all.

And that, I believe, gives as good an idea of what the scene is like in Kodiak as anything. The next day and the day after I went out in search of the great Kodiak bear, ranging over as much of the rugged, wild island as I could cover by car and on foot. As much relieved as disappointed, I left Kodiak without encountering anything larger than a ground squirrel. I did get a chance to return to the bar on the mall a few times, and there was always a good deal of cruising going on. But to reverse the cliche, it was all action, and not much talk, and it reminded me of what Eric had said—that people in Alaska did what they wanted to do without talking much about it.

Later, in Anchorage, I mentioned to one of the bartenders at "Jake's" that I had just come from Kodiak, and he summed it up as well as anyone could. "Oh, nobody's queer in Kodiak," he said, "But there sure as hell are a lot of guys who don't mind screwing around a little."

From Kodiak I traveled by way of ferry to Seward on the Kenai Peninsula, and from Seward by thumb to Anchorage. More than half the population of Alaska lives in and around this sprawling city, and after traveling through miles of wilderness, it's something of a shock to come upon the neon strips of used-car lots and fast-food places and the modern skyscrapers of Anchorage. In most Alaskan towns the single newspaper is a weekly; in Anchorage there are two daily papers. There are ten radio stations (in most towns in Alaska, you have your choice of one), 200 restaurant, 40 motels, and a shopping district that offers just about everything. Economically, culturally and socially, Anchorage is the center of Alaska.

And if there is a gay capital in Alaska, it's Anchorage as well. There are two exclusively gay bars in town, and plans are underway for a gay restaurant, bar and small business complex. There are three gay publications—*Gay Alaska* (in its seventh number in July of 1978), *Light of the North* (published by the Metropolitan Community Church) and *Klondyke Kontact*—as well as a gay community center, the Alaska Gay coalition, and a gay hotline managed by Gay Information Services.

In the bar called "Jake's"—a comfortable, intimate sit-down bar downtown—I talked to one of the men involved with the plans for the new gay business complex. Bill has been involved with gay life in Anchorage almost as long as there has been any, and he told me how things have changed: "Twelve years ago there was a place called 'The Green Dragon,' not gay exactly, but a place where you could meet people. At that time there was a handfull of people. After The Dragon there was a place called 'The Golden Nugget,' I think, which was just a little gayer. And then in 1969 we opened this place—the first official gay bar in Alaska."

Less than a year ago the second gay bar in Anchorage opened—the "Disco Den," just around the corner from Jake's. It's like the bar in Fairbanks, but upside down. The gay bar is downstairs, with a straight stripper-bar called "The Booby Trap" upstairs. And now construction is set to begin on a new gay complex to include a small hotel, restaurant, bar, sauna, shops, business offices and several apartments. "All gay-owned and

(Continued on page 75)


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A lifelong resident of Michigan, he is a graduate of the University of Notre Dame and the University of Michigan Medical School. He has written many articles for medical journals.

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## ALASKA

(Continued from page 73)

gay-run," Bill said. "If we're lucky, the hotel and a few of the shops should be open by September. There should be a florist, a travel agency, stereo and gift shops. The name we're using at the moment is 'Sunset Plaza.'"

To stress how much the gay community had grown in Anchorage in the last several years, Bill pointed out the Emperor-Empress campaigns, just underway when I arrived. "Seven years ago we had our first coronation," he said, "and there were 45 people there. Last year we had nearly a thousand. We had to hold the coronation ball in the International Banquet House."

Anchorage and its gay community are still growing. By most estimates, there are about 3,000 people in Anchorage who think of themselves as somehow part of the gay community. The population of Anchorage is expected to *double* in the next five years—with at least a commensurate increase in the gay community. The new complex, a one million dollar project, is meant to serve as a social and business center for that growing gay population.

Anchorage is a city of new faces. The airport is a stopover for all over-the-pole flights. And anyone who wants to spend some money and have a good time in Alaska comes to Anchorage. Beside that, there is the large transient population of Fort Richardson and Elmendorf Air Force Base just outside the city. Among the men I meet in Anchorage are commercial pilots, servicemen, investors, teachers, loggers, waiters, tour guides, trainmen—as complete a cross-section as you could find anywhere. What they all seem to have in common is their live-and-let-live attitude, and their love of the land.

"Alaska, for all the development of the last ten years, is still a frontier," Bill told me. "Anchorage is still a town surrounded by wilderness. And the values up here are the values of the wilderness: Self-sufficiency, individualism, freedom. As long as there's room to move, there's room for a hell of a lot of tolerance. That's what most people come up to Alaska to find, and that's why most people stay on up here."

While Bill talked, I thought of the loggers on the Inside Passage, the fishermen in Kodiak, the construction workers in Fairbanks. "It's a special place," Bill finally said. "There's no place else in the world like it." And I had to agree with him. ■


THE ORIGINAL

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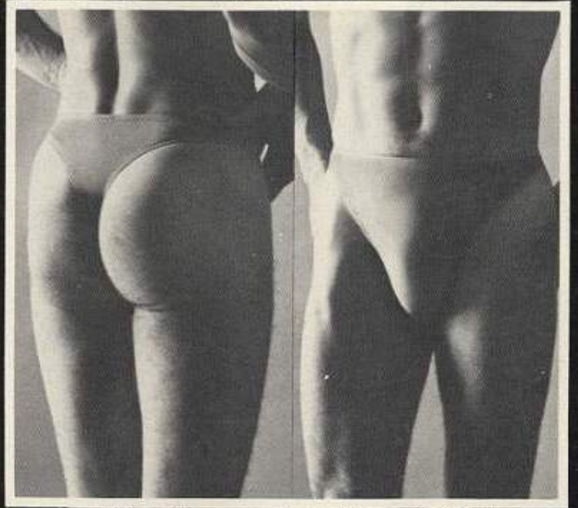

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*(Continued from page 36)*

floundering patriots: A complete American mythology created out of fact and fiction ... and hype.

"Gower Gulch" is a new Los Angeles shopping center whose proximity to Paramount studios gives an immediate clue as to where its architects culled their inspiration. Behind a wooden gold-rush town facade (complete with swinging louvered doors) stands a gourmet health food deli, a sushi bar, and "Mr. Chan's Color Xerox Printing Service." Miss Kitty would have died. In the name of research, I spent a day nibbling on hand-picked alfalfa sprouts and raw tuna in "Gower Gulch" and quickly discovered that this is not where cowboys hang out. Neither is the Wells Fargo drive-in bank.

Meanwhile, in the San Fernando Valley at the Palomino Club and various and sundry country and western bars, the dudes that *Esquire* magazine calls the "urban cowboys" do actually congregate. In acrylic leisure suits, they are what cowboys of old have turned into—hangovers from the past whose collective redneck attitudes and nightly hangovers give me a hangover. I accept nothing short of a Marlboro man in my search for the modern cowboy. If this story were a movie, we might now cut to Dolly Parton in full cowgirl drag singing the theme song, "A Good Marlboro Man Is Hard To Find" (the disco version). Conditioning can be a wonderful thing.

Cowboy is a fine word—about as fine as a pair of hand-engraved silver boot-tips—and it takes a proud man to wear the hat that goes with the title. Horses are also fine beasts, but spending time with them is no longer qualification enough for the cowboy title. My search for the new cowboys has taken me through much brushwood and round in many circles and brought me to the belief that "cowboy" has become more an attitude than anything else. The New Cowboys are rugged, informed and adventurous men; their work and lifestyles somehow reflect modern society, and in their actions and words they are individuals rather than pioneers. Here, then, is a sampling of what may be the new breed—bearing in mind that immortal line of Dorothy Parker's: "Greenwich Village is not what it used to be, and it never was."

JOHNNY WYOMING

Current Apache legend has it that Johnny Wyoming even sleeps in his sea-turtle cowboy boots. The neighbors swear they can hear his radio, tuned to the country and western station, blaring all night from his cabin in the Hollywood Hills. "I love the honesty of they lyrics" says Johnny, a very special individual who has taken all the cliches of the American cowboy and refined them in his lifestyle. A fruitfully employed art director for films and television, always dressed in the finest cowboy accoutrements, Johnny says of his remarkable Hollywood success story: "People liked the horseshit on the outside of my boots instead of the usual bullshit on the inside".

Born in Salina, Utah, Johnny Wyoming (his real name is John Told) grew up on farms between Wyoming and Pleasant Grove, one of four brothers whose father was a teacher of animal husbandry. When he was still in high school, he worked bucking hay on ranches to make pocket money. He was also at that time influenced by the celluloid cowboys. "That was in the fifties when the real cowboys were dying fast," he reminds me. "Suddenly it was Roy Rogers and Dale Evans and Hopalong Cassidy who were being Hollywoodized, but I still remember guys in Wyoming about sixty years old ... their bottom teeth would be rotted away from chewing so much tobacco, they would talk about being out on the range when they were young. They were the real cowboys."

It was due to the guidance from his Mormon family that Johnny decided to seek a career elsewhere than the range. "A cowboy wasn't really a thing that you wanted your kid to grow up to be. It was a life that didn't offer any money."

While working as a wrangler at the White Grass dude ranch in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, he was hired to pack camera equipment for Warner Brothers who were there on location shooting a movie. "I loved the people from the city," says Johnny. "They excited me. I went to Hollywood and then realized what I had left behind. Not being able to have both worlds, I started creating this western flavor, tying the two together to make that strange combination that is almost out of place yet somehow works." He started as assistant to an art director buying props for the Sonny and Cher Show and before very long he became the art director and the other assistants were working for him. "For a long time I was confused about whether I was an equestrian or a Hollywood drugstore cowboy. At first I felt ridiculous wearing a hat here in California, but I think with the death of the real cowboys a rebirth of the more romantic cowboy seems to have been accepted. I remember in the early sixties, cowboys would rope hippies and drag them down the Snake River, then shave off their hair with sheep shears. They were uneducated trouble-makers. Now you see cowboys with long hair."

Once while driving back to California in his four-wheel-drive Bronco van with his CB crackling, Johnny Wyoming found a dead eagle in a telephone wire and took it home. Word got out that he had the bird and his Hollywood home was turned into a trading post with various assorted Indians offering him pots, rugs and jewelry for the prized plumage. As a result, he started a collection of fine Acoma pots and Navajo rugs, and now some of his best friends are Indians. He speaks fondly of one Mary Nighthawk who makes computerized Indian beaded belt buckles which light up from tiny bulbs and concealed batteries.

The Indians taught him the power of putting certain things together. On a shelf behind his Sony Trinitron which is perched on a hand-tooled saddle, he keeps an eagle feather, a rattlesnake rattler, a rhinoceros' tooth and a rabbit's foot. "That's my medicine," says Johnny in all seriousness, as he takes a hit on a can of Bud.

Of the new breed of cowboys, Johnny Wyoming comments: "There's something about when you put on a pair of boots and a cowboy hat. It's like a tattoo almost, in Hollywood. To be part of a new breed, you just have to take it seriously." He then adds nonchalantly, as if it were a fact that didn't need to be verbalised: "I'm the most authentic one I know."

CARLTON FULLER

If the "Marlboro man" image is partly responsible for creating the modern concept of the cowboy, then Carlton Fuller must also be credited. Fuller's face has for several years adorned billboards and magazine ads proclaiming the delights of Salem cigarettes and the like. A product of the Southern Baptist Bible-Belt, Carlton grew up on a tobacco farm in North Carolina and for the first twenty years of his life alternated between working on the family farm and working concession stands for horse shows and concerts. "It was somewhat cowboyish," says Carlton of his youth, "in that you wore jeans and workshirts and in the summer you always wore hats. It was like growing up a Huckleberry Finn".

Carlton left North Carolina with hay

*(Continued on page 89)*

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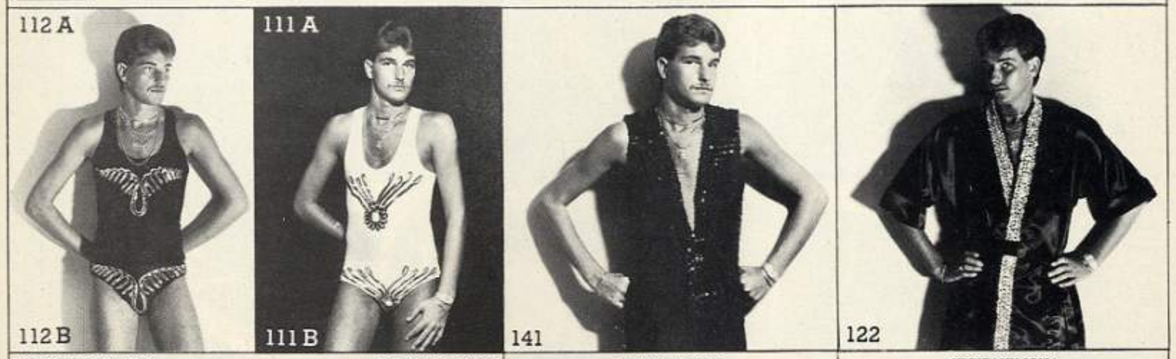


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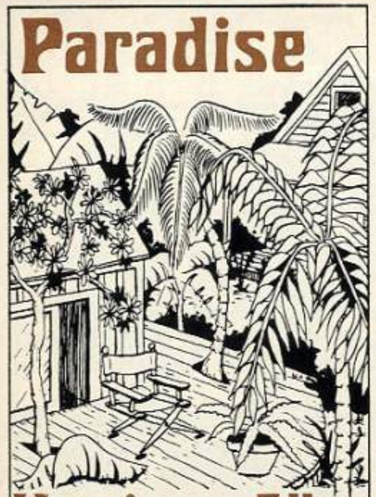

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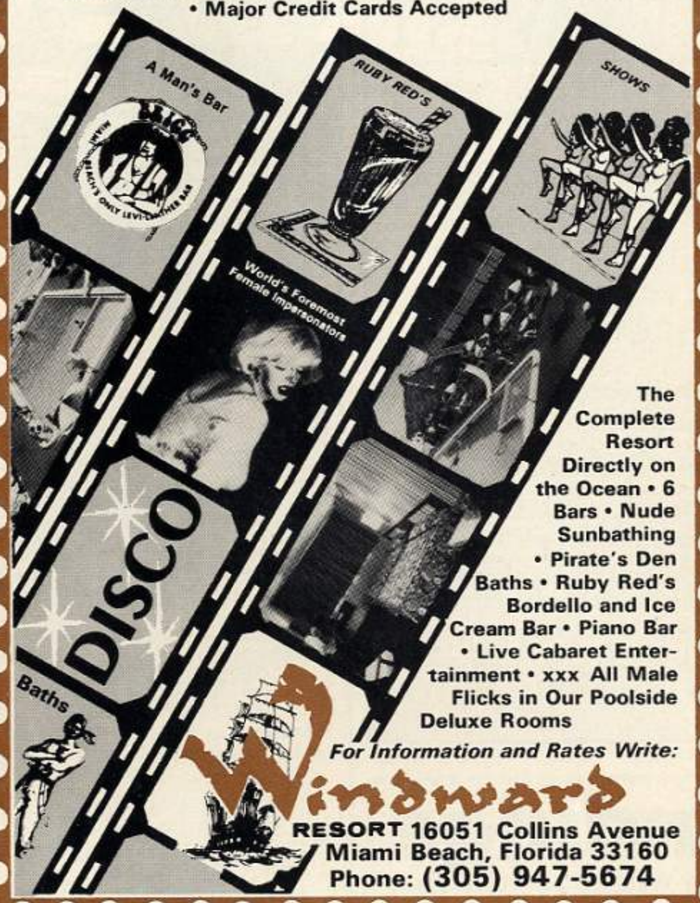


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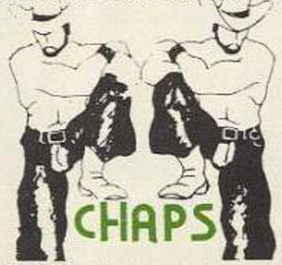


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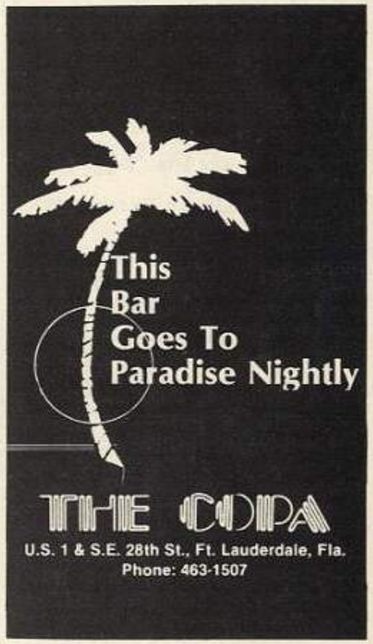


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# GULP!

*Gulp!* is set on the beach at Coney Island on Gay Liberation Day — June 28th, the anniversary of Judy Garland's funeral and the Stonewall riots. The plot involves a closeted lifeguard whose life is saved by five uncloseted zanies. "If the Marx Brothers had been gay," says author John Glines, "they would have done *Gulp!*." The musical farce was first produced in New York in 1977 by The Glines, Inc., a non-profit organization for gay arts; Act I was published in *Blueboy*, Volume 28. For more information about *Gulp!* and/or The Glines, contact John Glines, 28 Willow St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201.

## ACT II

BOOK BY JOHN GLINES AND STEPHEN GRECO

MUSIC BY JOHN GLINES

LYRICS BY JOHN GLINES AND ROBIN JONES

*(ENTRE'ACTE: MUSIC: "INTERMISSION RAG", instrumental, accompanied by film and SLIDES of Coney Island amusement area at night. SLIDES OUT. Film out. SOUND EFFECTS: Surf. Light up on HOMER, in shirt, jeans, and sneakers, atop the lifeguard stand, reading the Guidebook To Sexual Positions Between Consenting Adult Males. FATHER WILLIAM is asleep in the sand. HOMER lowers book from in front of his face, sighs, and tears a page out of the book. He folds page and puts it in his pocket. We hear CHRIS softly singing "The Greta Garbo" off-stage up right. HOMER hides the Guidebook. CHRIS enters up right doing a bit of "Garbo". SOUND EFFECTS FADE)*

HOMER: Shhhh.
CHRIS: Is he asleep?
HOMER: Yeah.
CHRIS: How come you're in your street clothes?
HOMER: It's after eight. I'm off duty.
CHRIS: *(Sits in TEDDY'S chair)* My, how time flies when you're having fun.
HOMER: Where are the others?
CHRIS: Playing miniature golf. It's amazing. Manny keeps flashing that 1000 dollar bill and says "Can you change this?" and then everyone treats him as if he were Diamond Jim Brady and gives us everything for nothing.
HOMER: Come up here.
CHRIS: Why?
HOMER: Better view of the ocean. *(CHRIS hesitates, then climbs up stand to sit beside HOMER)* Nice sweatshirt you've got on.
CHRIS: This old thing? God knows where I picked it up.
HOMER: Wouldn't you be more comfortable without it?
CHRIS: No.
HOMER: .....I love you.
CHRIS: Oh my God.
HOMER: It just about killed me seeing you with Spike.
CHRIS: Spike who?
HOMER: I mean, if you're going to bring someone out, let it be me, OK? Look, this is going to sound ridiculous, I know, but "every pot has a cover," see? and damn it, you're my pot!
CHRIS: The view *is* better from up here.
HOMER: Yeah, you can see all the way to Fire Island!
CHRIS: Shhh, you'll wake Father William.
HOMER: I'd like to wake the whole world, tell 'em: look, world, here he is and I love him... We've had some good times together, haven't we?
CHRIS: Damn straight.
HOMER: Remember when we met? *(MUSIC: "HERE WE ARE." They sing)*
CHRIS: THE LAST DAY OF MAY.
HOMER: IT WAS WARM
CHRIS: AS COULD BE,
HOMER: AND THERE YOU WERE,
CHRIS: SWIMMING AROUND
HOMER: TILL YOU STARTED TO DROWN,
CHRIS: AND THERE YOU WERE.
HOMER: YOU GRABBED FOR ME MADLY.
CHRIS: I CLUNG TO YOU GLADLY, SECURE AS YOU PULLED ME ASHORE.
HOMER: YOU THANKED ME IN SILENCE WITH STALE CRACKERJACKS.

*(Continued on page 91)*

© John Glines 1977

# PINBALL

BY DAVID BATTERSON

"Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding. Click, click. Get in that hole, you bitch! Thump, thump. Eeyow! Where'd that other ball come from? Shoot again, you're still up!!"

If that sounds like some hot action at the baths, guess again. All that shooting and fiddling with balls goes on in thousands of bars, discos, restaurants and arcades as the mammoth pinball boom just keeps on booming.

Whereas many bars used to stick their pinball machines (mostly old and poorly maintained) back by the bathrooms, they now take space in front of crowded bars. The "pins" are bigger, brighter, noisier and higher-scoring than ever, but of course more expensive, too. A quarter usually buys only one game on the new electronic machines, but it doesn't seem to slow down the insertion of quarters.

So why the re-emergence of pinball today? What's the big attraction?

An older generation's remembrance of pinball lies in dingy arcades, cheap diners and bowling alleys, where "hoods" and "punks" (not the musical kind) hung out looking for trouble . . . and usually found it. Of course, these were always the places to "score" in other ways, too.

Pinball has had a steady growth since those days but it was out of vogue for many years, not hitting its new stride until *Tommy* came along. But that's getting ahead of the story.

The exact origin of pinball is lost in the past, but the earliest known reference to its predecessor — bagatelle — is found in chapter 14 of Charles Dickens' *Pickwick Papers*, published in 1836.

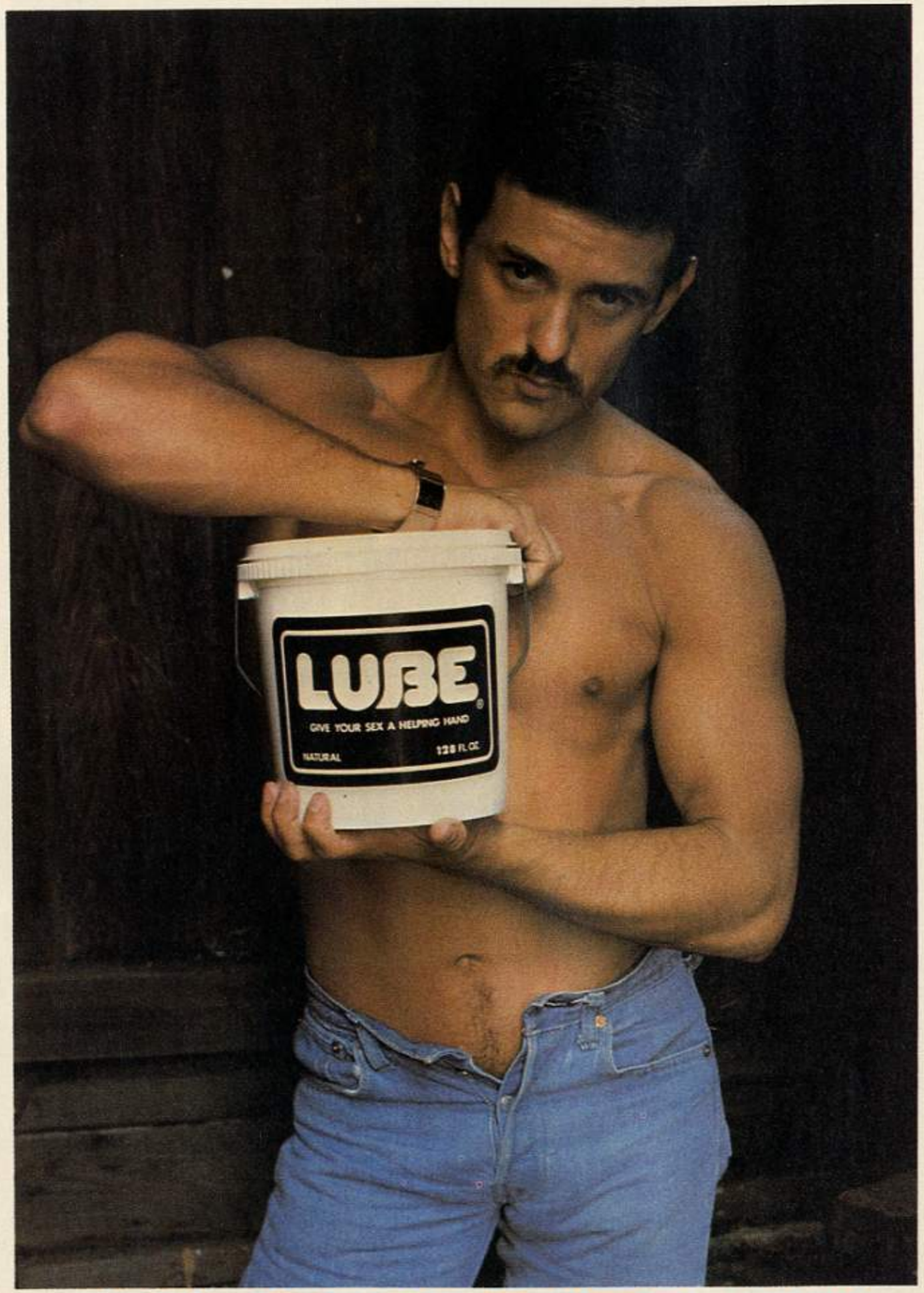
The book refers to members of the Pickwick Club who frequented the Peacock Tavern and "beguiled their time chiefly with such amusements as the Peacock afforded, which were limited to a bagetelle-board on the first floor."

A political cartoon published in 1863 depicted Abraham Lincoln playing a billiard-like bagatelle game in which the player used a cue stick. Montague Redgrave obtained a patent for a mechanical bagatelle game in 1871. No particular changes were made in (CONTINUED ON PAGE 89)

PHOTOGRAPHED BY REINALDO BOZA

# PINBALL MANIA

# GO FOR THE BEST

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## PINBALL MANIA

*(Continued from page 87)*

the game until 1929, when an advertising salesman for *Billboard* magazine by the name of John J. Sloan saw an adaptation of bagatelle in the basement of his apartment building. *Billboard*, at that time, was a publication for the carnival and circus trade, street vendors, operators of slot-machines, and other early coin-operated equipment. The device was apparently built by the building's janitor for the amusement of his friends.

Although the unknown and unsung inventor of modern pinball used the traditional scoring objective of bagatelle — holes or cups in a plane surface with the score-value of each hole prominently displayed — he introduced three historic innovations:

The plane surface was slightly inclined upward so that the balls, at that time glass marbles, would be propelled upward to the rear surface and then would roll back to the front.

The scoring holes were partially surrounded by hedges of brass nails or pins, increasing the skill required to shoot balls into holes.

The balls were shot, not by means of a cue, but by a spring-loaded plunger, identical in basic principle to the ball-shooter used in pinball today. This basement bagatelle, of course, was not originally coin-operated.

Seeing the potential of increased advertising for *Billboard*, Sloan described his subterranean discovery to several of his carnival equipment accounts. One of them — In and Outdoors Games, Inc. — built and marketed several coin-operated bagatelle (or pinball) games.

There were problems, however. The games were too large for the average location and too expensive (about $100), and the economy was already drifting into economic depression. As a result, the In and Outdoors company did not succeed and soon faded from the amusement scene.

Other entrepreneurs, however, shrewdly appraised the enormous potential of coin-operated pinball.

In 1931, a young businessman, Raymond T. Maloney, spent hours trying to convince his partners in a small Chicago print shop to join him in a new venture. He won out and they were later to produce a simple but fascinating color-splashed pinball game which they christened "Ballyhoo." The name came from a satirical journal of that name.

Maloney and his partners incorporated

*(Continued on page 97)*


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## THE NEW COWBOYS

*(Continued from page 76)*

still tangled in his blond curls when he was twenty and set out for New York where he planned to study acting. He went to see a model agent with some photos a friend had taken and the next day he was booked to model swimsuits for *Esquire* magazine. He immediately became an international model working in Paris, Milan and some of the most exotic locations in the world. Apart from seven different ads for Salem cigarettes that ran across America for two years, Carlton has appeared as cowboy, backpacker or frontiersman in print ads and TV commericals for products as diverse as Scotch whiskey and roll-on deodorant.

Now living in Los Angeles because he finds life hectic enough without the hassles of New York City, Carlton insists that he remains a country boy. Still dressing in the jeans, boots and plaid shirts of his youth, Carlton notes: "Maybe it has something to do with my modeling career; fashion changes so much, it's sort of a phony thing to me."

As for his personal observations on The New Cowboys, Carlton sticks another Winston between his lips and points out: "When you think of cowboys you think back ten or fifteen years. They still exist, to a point, but they're not as definitive as they used to be. I think that's because of our society, drugs, and just the way times change."

CHARLES FRANK

If TV is a reflection of the way times change, then television's latest *Maverick* is quite definitely a reflection of The New Cowboy in entertainment. "When I think of a western," says Charles Frank, the star of Warner Brothers' *The New Maverick*, "I think of real characters. I don't want to see a boring "saga" like *How The West Was Won* or *Centennial* or any of that other crap."

Born in Washington State thirty-one years ago, Charles Frank was raised the son of an insurance salesman and a housewife whose only parallel to a cowboy lifestyle was their love of horses. Charles remembers showing the family horses as early as the age of six, but he has few memories of watching the original *Maverick* series on television because he used to spend so much time outdoors. "I think I was pretty much left on my own, like most of the so-called cowboys were. They were individuals on the plains from the way I understand it and, essentially, I was too. I can remember riding on the prairies up in

Washington and you go into a whole fantasy about how you're out there by yourself—that sense of being an individual capable of handling anything you come across out there and feeling at one with your horse, as the saying goes."

Charles' love of winter sports encouraged him to enroll at Middlebury College in Vermont where he not only graduated with his Bachelor's Degree but also won the school's drama award. He then started acting in stock and reportory companies throughout the States including the Conservatory Theater in Seattle and the Champlain Shakespeare Festival. He went to New York to complete his education at New York University's Graduate School of the Arts but was signed instead for a role in ABC's *All My Children*. It was at the audition for that soap opera that he met his wife, Susan Blanchard, who appears with him in *The New Maverick*. After four years of *All My Children*, Charles subsequently appeared in *Barnaby Jones*, *Police Woman*, *Wonder Woman* and various other TV shows, and has also co-starred in Paramount's *The One and Only* and Universal's *The Other Side Of The Mountain Part II*. He's no stranger to the rugged craft of acting.

Currently living in Sherman Oaks in the San Fernando Valley, Charles has just finished shooting another TV western entitled *Chisolm*—which is the story of the famous Chisolm cattle trail of the 1880's. He hopes that *The New Maverick* will be picked up as a series so that he and his wife can once again go back to work as the new male and female Maverick team. Susan, incidentally, is also an avid horsewoman and is currently modeling for no-nonsense pantyhose commercials while Charles is away on location. The girl has great gams.

"I think we're pulling out of a thing which was a kind of macho trip," says Charles Frank about the current cowboys. "I like characters who have a sense of humor about themselves so that if they do screw up they can laugh about it, and they're not cool *all* the time. I just can't stand people who are cool all the time."

RANDY JONES

Disco cowboy Randy Jones seems to have found the perfect vehicle to showcase his talents. Still dishing out their successful contribution to the disco deluge, the "Village People" look like an amalgam of the very fans who have made their music popular, and Randy, the cowboy of the group—is what he appears to be. Randy claims he dressed like a cowboy before he ever met Jacques Morali (the producer and founder of "Village People") and in his irresistible Southern drawl explains: "I've always worn cowboy boots, jeans, gingham shirts and vests. It's comfortable, easily maintained, and I've dressed like that since I was a kid."

Randy was born in Raleigh, North Carolina twenty-five years ago and lived most of his schooldays eagerly awaiting the holidays when he would go to work on his uncle's plantation, "primin' and barnin' tobacco plants and diggin' potatoes." Randy's main interest since then has been writing and singing country and western music, and he admits he has always been inspired by cowboys. "The cowboy is the great American hero. Not only did he symbolically advance the frontiers of the country, he was always the first one there."

Shortly after his success as a recording artist, Randy received a gift from his parents. His first childhood cowboy boot that was just six inches high. Mr. and Mrs. Jones had cast the tiny relic in bronze.

Now totally absorbed in his career as a Village Person, Randy doesn't get too much time to relax on the range. On the contrary, his life is checkered with the hectic duties of a rockstar—traveling thousands of miles every week, appearing in concert, performing for television and working in recording studios. He feels that there are very few individuals who epitomize the new cowboys. "The "Village People," he says, "are redefining macho the same way the cowboy did. The cowboy was macho in that, when he was on the prairie, he knew how to make a fire, play his guitar, pull strength from within and count on himself for survival. The Village People have an edge because all the images we present are already solid in the back of everybody's minds. They definitely are fantasy images for so many people and they are totally American. We are bringing them to life again in a much bigger way."

TOM GILLMAN

If pioneering a new individualism is a factor in defining the new cowboys, Tom Gillman is a case in point—a merging of futuristic sensibilities with hearts of the west. Gillman is a handsome, tough, defiant man. His lifestyle projects a sophisticated yet rugged image; instead of a horse, he rides a gleaming black pick-up truck; instead of covering his head with a hat he displays his own hair shaved to within a quarter of an inch of his scalp. Tom Gillman's aggressive mind is one of the three brains behind "Hardware," Hollywood's latest image-maker. Perhaps more than any other store (or designer) in Los Angeles, "Hardware" dictates what the hip L.A. man will wear from head to toe.

Born in Ohio thirty-two years ago, Tom grew up between L.A., San Diego and San Francisco. His father was a leading professional football coach. "I was always connected with sports," he says, "but I was never directed to them."

Growing up in California, Tom seems not to have been impressed by the cowboys of the west other than in sexual terms, and confides that his sexual fantasies encompass "Hunky cowboys and Hiawatha-type Indians."

Tom studied at Berkeley and the University of London and with his Masters Degree began teaching in the Bay Area and Los Angeles, but eventually found this constraining. "The more conscious I became of my sexuality, the more I felt there were other things I wanted to do." Meeting his lover of several years obviously had a great affect on his outlook. It was this romantic partnership that eventually led to the phenomenally successful "Hardware" boutique which, for its aficionados, is more a way of life than a store. Talking in front of a steel rack filled with Tony Lamas boots, Gillman says: "There is a significant western influence in the shop. We have boots and belts and western-style shirts. Cowboy boots will always be there and the shirts are a classic; more obvious accessories like belts and hats are more trendy."

Working in the "Hardware" boutique, Gillman sees a constant flow of modern California men. "I think the New Cowboys have a great sense of style. They are quick and they have to have a sense of constructive thinking, but they also have a lot of fun. Their life is punctuated by a lot of things that we like so much—like cocaine and sex. I think part of today's cowboy image has to do with his means of transportation, especially in California. I have a truck and a jeep at my disposal. I think a vehicle is very important in the whole identity of a cowboy."

□ □ □

As the sun sets, making way for a cool Los Angeles evening, all over town the new cowboys and the regular cowboys are getting into their Friday night duds. Outside my window I can hear the gentle clip-clop of hooves thudding against the concrete of the canyon road. It's Dolly again, on her horse this time, and I can see she's dying to break into her song. Take it away Dolly ...

*A good Marlboro man is hard to find*
*And harder than hell to keep.*
*But you can find one if you've got a mind*
*Behind the controls of a jeep.*
*You can find them in Denver, in Texas, in Maine,*
*In fact anywhere if you're really keen.*
*But if it's the real thing you want, oh boy,*
*You'll be needing a time machine.* ■



## GULP!

(Continued from page 85)

CHRIS: I WANTED TO KNOW YOU. *(Climbs down stand)*
HOMER: SO YOU CAME BACK THE FOLLOWING DAY. WAS IT WARM?
CHRIS: VERY WARM.
HOMER: AND THERE YOU WERE.
HOMER/CHRIS: HERE WE WERE. *(HOMER on top of stand, CHRIS on lowest rung, stage left, looking up–in the positions they took that day they are recalling. SLIDES: A gorgeous day on the beach at Coney Island)*
CHRIS: "HOW ARE YOU?"
HOMER: "FINE, AND YOU?"
CHRIS: "FEELING GOOD."
HOMER: "KNOCK ON WOOD."
CHRIS: "LOVELY DAY."
HOMER: "I SHOULD SAY."
CHRIS: BUT MY HEART SAID GAMBLE, GAMBLE IT ALL. "THANKS AGAIN."
HOMER: "FOR WHAT? WHEN?"
CHRIS: "YESTERDAY."
HOMER: "THAT'S OK."
CHRIS: "THAT'S WHY I—"
HOMER: "WHY YOU WHAT?"
CHRIS: "WHY I'M HERE."
HOMER: "WELL, I'M ON DUTY."
CHRIS: "OH, UNTIL WHEN?"
HOMER: "EIGHT OUGHT TO DO IT, THEN IF YOU'D LIKE—"
CHRIS: "SEE YOU THEN." *(Moves to bench and sits. SLIDES: Coney Island amusement area at night)*
HOMER: EIGHT O'CLOCK CAME. WE HAD SOMETHING TO EAT.
CHRIS: SOME HOT DOGS AND FRENCH FRIES WASHED DOWN WITH COLD BEER.
HOMER: THEN WE WENT FOR A WALK, JUST TO LAUGH AND TO TALK. *(Climbs down front of stand to sit on rung just above the bench. CHRIS moves up to sit beside him)*
CHRIS: WE RODE ON THE CYCLONE, THE SCOOTERS, THE MERRY-GO- *(SLIDES: Amusement area at night, romantic, somewhat abstract)*
HOMER/CHRIS: ROUND, ROUND, ROUND WE RODE MADLY AROUND, ROUND, ROUND. DINGALINGALINGA, DONGALONGALONGA, SINGING ALONG, WITH THAT SWEET, SAD SOUND. *(SLIDES: Boardwalk at night as seen from the beach. HOMER crosses down right)* THEN WE RAN DOWN HERE RACING AND STRIPPING, *(CHRIS crosses down left)* TORE OFF OUR CLOTHES AND WENT SKINNY DIPPING, SAT DOWN TOGETHER LAUGHING AND DRIPPING, *(They sit on the sand, facing each other)* JUST US TWO.
HOMER: "HOW ARE YOU?"
CHRIS: "HOT, AND YOU?"
HOMER: *(Turns away)* "I'M NOT GAY."
CHRIS: *(Spoken)* "WHAT'D YOU SAY?"
HOMER: "NO, NOT ME."
CHRIS: "OH I SEE." BUT MY HEART SAID GAMBLE, GAMBLE IT ALL. "WANT TO TRY?"
HOMER: "I FEEL DUMB."
CHRIS: "SO DO I."
HOMER: "REALLY DUMB."
CHRIS: *(Getting up)* "HOMER, LOOK, I'LL BE BACK." *(Moves to down left corner of stand. SLIDES OUT)*
HOMER: AND THANK GOD YOU CAME BACK, AND CAME BACK, AND CAME BACK.
CHRIS: OH I WAS HERE.
HOMER: *(Moving to down right corner of the stand)* DAY AFTER DAY
CHRIS: TILL OUR DATE OF LAST WEEK, AND THERE WE WERE. *(SLIDES: Manhattan as seen from under the Brooklyn Bridge in Brooklyn and Brooklyn as seen from under the bridge in Manhattan)*
HOMER: WE JOGGED FROM MANHATTAN
CHRIS: TO BROOKLYN AND BACK.
HOMER: IT WAS HOTTER THAN HELL BUT WHO CARED? *(SLIDES: The world as seen from the top of the World Trade Center)*
HOMER/CHRIS: THE WORLD WAS OUR OYSTER WASHED DOWN WITH COLD BEER, NOTHING COULD STOP US, NOTHING COULD SPOIL IT. *(They begin moving up the stand, HOMER on right, CHRIS on left)*
CHRIS: AND YOU KNOW—
HOMER: OH, I KNOW
HOMER: CHRIS: IT WAS LOVE. THERE WE WERE. *(SLIDES OUT. They are facing each other across the top of the stand)*
HERE WE ARE. *(HOMER's right hand gently rests on CHRIS's left hand on the downstage edge of the stand. Lights dim. After applause, lights up to normal second act setting)*
HOMER: My shorts are steaming up.
CHRIS: What am I going to tell Spike?
HOMER: What's he got to do with it?
CHRIS: I think I really got him going.
HOMER: So what? We've got a relationship to think about now. *(Sits on top of stand)*
CHRIS: *(Sits beside HOMER)* Yeah, and you've got to decide how you want to do it the first time. *(Starts through Guidebook which he's picked up)*
HOMER: Well, uh ... *(Takes page out of pocket and shows it to CHRIS)*
CHRIS: God damn! *(HOMER retrieves picture)* Don't let Father William kill you.
HOMER: That's the catch.
CHRIS: What is?
HOMER: He's going to kill me anyway.
CHRIS: Oh my God!
HOMER: I tried to talk him out of it.
CHRIS: So what am I suppose to do? Say "So long, Spike, here's your sweatshirt" and come back to you? For what? The next half hour? Then you get shot. I try to drown myself, Spike saves me, and I say "Well, here we go again!"
HOMER: What do you want me to do?
CHRIS: Drop dead!
HOMER: If I weren't killed, would you stick with me?
CHRIS: How should I know!
HOMER: Yes or no?
CHRIS: Maybe.
HOMER: Good enough. *(Starts down stand)*
CHRIS: Where're you going?
HOMER: Father William's asleep. I'll kill *him*.
CHRIS: No!
HOMER: It's him or me.
CHRIS: *(Shouts)* Father William!
FW: *(Wakes)* Coming, Lord.
HOMER: Now why did you do that?
CHRIS: You can't just kill someone.
HOMER: He can!
CHRIS: He's getting paid for it.
HOMER: And take off that sweatshirt.
CHRIS: No.
HOMER: You said you looked terrible in maroon.
CHRIS: It's suddenly my color.
HOMER: Shoot me, Father William, shoot me.
FW: All in good time.
CHRIS: Homer, stop it!
HOMER: Do you want me, yes or no?
CHRIS: I'm so confused.
FW: Love is the heart's confusion.
HOMER: Do you mind!
FW: I remember when I was in the seminary.
HOMER: Didn't you hear me?
CHRIS: If he wants to talk, let him. Go on, Father.
FW: *(MUSIC: "MISTY", instrumental. HOMER picks up TEDDY's chair and moves it down left, facing the stand. He sits in disgust)* Brother Oliver *(SLIDES: Actor playing FATHER WILLIAM dressed in monk's robe with cowl, looking ascetic, holding candle)* confessed to me that he loved me, but I had taken a vow of chastity, and there was nothing I could do. Brother Oliver left the seminary and became a concert pianist. I graduated *(SLIDES: FATHER WILLIAM in cassock and mortarboard, with diploma)* and went to do missionary work in a leper colony in Samoa. You see, as a child of the slums, I was determined to relieve suffering. But in Samoa, I saw more physical suffering than I could bear, so I asked for a transfer home, leaving the hospital—which I had started—in the capable hands of my assistant, *(SLIDES: FATHER WILLIAM in dark make-up and native costume leering through palm fronds)* a beautiful native doctor, who had on each full moon confessed his great passion for me. I had, of course, explained that my priestly vow of chastity was sacred. *(SLIDES OUT)* Back in the states, I went to work in a psychiatric clinic, but there I saw more emotional suffering than I could bear, so I asked for a transfer, leaving the clinic—which I had started—in the capable hands of my assistant, *(SLIDES: FATHER WILLIAM as Julius Ceaser)* a former patient, who had fallen hopelessly in love with me. Needless to say, in vain. *(SLIDES OUT)* I then pursued my calling at St. Timothy in Chains, with the Right Reverend Osgood Godby. It was in the confessional each week that Furio Giardini, *(SLIDES: FATHER WILLIAM as sultry Italian)* an Italian porno star with an endowment of legendary proportions, would make various lewd suggestions, all of which I spurned. Furio ran off with the Right Reverend, *(SLIDES OUT)* and I became the parish priest. But as such, I saw more spiritual suffering than I could bear, so I left St. Timothy's in the capable hands of God. *(GOD LIGHT FLICKERS)* And thus it is tonight that I am embarking on the career of theological hitman *(SLIDES: FATHER WILLIAM as Mafia don. MUSIC OUT)*
CHRIS: You seem to have a real gift for inspiring love.
FW: Nevertheless, I have avoided experiences of the flesh.
CHRIS: That makes two of you.
FW: In today's world we are misfits. Let us pray. *(MUSIC: "GOD BLESS ALL THE MISFITS".*

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

*SLIDES: "HYMN 69" in church's hymn number holder)* GOD BLESS ALL THE MISFITS,
WHEREVER WE MAY BE,
COMFORT AND PROTECT US,
MAN FROM GALILEE,
LEAD US FROM TEMPTATION,
NEVER LET US ROAM,
DELIVER US FROM EVIL,
AND SHOW US THE WAY TO GO HOME. *(GOD LIGHT ON. CHRIS gets to his feet and sings along. Rest of cast sings like angelic choir off stage)*
GOD BLESS ALL THE MISFITS,
SAINTS PRESERVE US ALL,
HELP US SAINTS THERESA,
AUGUSTINE AND PAUL,
FRANCIS AND IGNATIUS,
PETER AND JEROME,
WITH YOUR HELP WE'LL MAKE IT
AND KNOWETH THE WAY TO GO HOME.
AMEN. *(SLIDES OUT. GOD LIGHT OUT)*
MANNY *(Entering up right with TEDDY and BIRDIE following. MANNY now has on a denim jacket, TEDDY is in his caftan, BIRDIE wears a sweater. MUSIC: "MARCH OF THE KAZOOS," instrumental softly under)* So there I am lyin' flat on my back in a hospital in Fairbanks, see? And along comes this here angel of mercy. Well, I don't want to say she was the most beautiful woman I ever seen—
TEDDY: You better not.
MANNY: Hey, lifeguard, you're out of uniform.
HOMER: I'm off duty.
MANNY: Teddy told me what's gonna happen. I think you're crazy, but if this is what you want, to each his own. *(Crosses to CHRIS, sitting on stand)* And you, gorgeous creature, Spike says to tell you he's gonna jog to Seabeach and back, then he wants to take you out for a drink so he can talk to you about something.
TEDDY: You're to meet him in front of Nathan's at nine-thirty.
MANNY: I can tell him.
TEDDY: So tell him.
MANNY: I told him.
BIRDIE: *(Has checked on FATHER WILLIAM, is now sitting on bench)* Go on with your story, Manny.
HOMER: Isn't it about time for the fireworks?
TEDDY: Don't rush it. You'll be dead long enough. *(Gets bag, shoos HOMER out of chair, sits. HOMER, with FW pointing gun at him, moves down right and sits)*
MANNY: Yeah, so anyway, this here angel of mercy nurses me back to health. Every day she comes and says "So how are ya, how ya doin'?" Real nice. And naturally we get to know one another. So I figure, first night out of the hospital I oughta look her up.
TEDDY: Oh yeah?
MANNY: Professionally, you hot cross bun.
TEDDY: What's her profession?
MANNY: Will you keep quiet. That's what I'm gettin' to. You see, I'm figurin' she's a regular nurse, but she's not. She's just a volunteer, emptyin' bed pans, shavin' pubic hair, things like that, and what do you suppose she does at night?
BIRDIE: Tell us.
MANNY: She's an actress. She sings and dances with her folks.
BIRDIE: No!
MANNY: Yeah!
BIRDIE: Tweety.
MANNY: Yeah, Tweety Pie or something.
BIRDIE: Tweety Byrd.
MANNY: You heard of her?
BIRDIE: She's my sister.
MANNY: No kiddin'!
BIRDIE: She's a singing teacher and TV repairperson now in Staten Island.
MANNY: How about that!
CHRIS: Hey, Birdie, show us some of the act.
BIRDIE: I wonder if I remember any of it.
MANNY: I'll help you. I saw it so many times, I know the whole thing by heart.
FW: It would give me enormous pleasure.
BIRDIE: For you, anything. *(Gets beach towel from hamper)* Attention, everyone! Coney Island proudly presents The Singing Byrds. *(Opens towel which is pained like a vaudeville drop, advertising The Singing Byrds. Gives towel to MANNY who attaches it to lifeguard stand so it hangs like a backdrop. CHRIS has scampered down stand and joined TEDDY down left. BIRDIE gives sailor hat to MANNY and introduces him)* This was my Father's big number.
MANNY: *(MUSIC: "STRIKE UP THE BAND." Sings and dances)*
JACK IS THE KING OF THE DARK BLUE SEA, JACK IS AS BRAVE AS THE BRAVE CAN BE, HE'S THE ONE WE ALL ADORE,
OH WHAT FUN WHEN JACK'S ASHORE,
FOR HE IS THE FELLOW CAN MAKE THINGS HUM,
OH, HOW THEY SIGH WHEN THEY SEE HIM COME,
LOADED DOWN WITH GOLD SO BRIGHT,
WELCOME HOME, JACK, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!

STRIKE UP THE BAND, HERE COMES A SAILOR,
CASH IN HIS HAND, JUST OFF A WHALER,
STAND IN A ROW, DON'T LET HIM GO,
JACK'S A CINCH BUT EV'RY INCH A SAILOR. *(Finishes with brief hornpipe)*
BIRDIE: And this was my mother's big number. *(Grabs shawl and performs MUSIC: "DON'T SWAT YOUR MOTHER, 'CAUSE IT'S MEAN")*
HOMEWARD TO THEIR MOTHER, TWO WORKING MEN DID COME,
WEARY WITH THEIR HONEST TOIL AND LIGHTED UP WITH RUM.
SUPPER WAS NOT READY. ONE AIM'D A BRUTAL BLOW,
WHEN THE BLUE-EYED BABY STOP'D THEM, SAYING "BROTHERS, DON'T DO SO.

DON'T SWAT YER MOTHER, BOYS, JUST 'CAUSE SHE'S OLD.
DON'T MOP THE FLOOR WITH HER FACE.
THINK HOW HER LOVE IS A TREASURE OF GOLD,
SHINING THRO' SHAME AND DISGRACE.
DON'T PUT THE ROCKING CHAIR NEXT TO HER EYE.
DON'T BOUNCE THE LAMP OFF HER BEAN.
ANGELS ARE WATCHING YOU UP IN THE SKY,
DON'T SWAT YER MOTHER, IT'S MEAN!"

And this was Tweety's big number. *(Gets boater for MANNY and a ribbon for his own hair. MUSIC: "THE HONEYSUCKLE AND THE BEE")*
MANNY: *(Playing the bee)* B'zzzzzz.
BIRDIE: *(The honeysuckle, sings)* I AM THE HONEY, HONEYSUCKLE,
MANNY: I AM THE BEE,
I'D LIKE TO SIP THE HONEY SWEET FROM THOSE RED LIPS I SEE.
BIRDIE: I LOVE YOU DEARLY, DEARLY, AND I WANT YOU TO LOVE ME,
I AM THE HONEY, HONEYSUCKLE,
MANNY: I AM THE BEE. *(Quick tag. Much applause from the others)*
TEDDY: (Grabs beach towel from bag) That was great, but you should see what I do at Shirley's Temple on the weekends. *(Gives towel to MANNY, who unfurls it–it's another vaudeville drop, this one advertising Shirley's Temple–and hangs it on lifeguard stand as he hung BIRDIE's. TEDDY now grabs large paper parasol from bag and takes over. To the Pianist)* Hit it, fingers! *(MUSIC: "THE BELLE OF AVENOO A". TEDDY sings and struts it)* I AM THE BELLE THEY SAY OF AVENUE A,
AND IF YOU'RE STROLLING DOWN THAT WAY
YOU'RE PRETTY SURE TO SEE ME ON THE STREET.
CUZ I'M SOMETHING OF A WALKER,
AND THE FACT THAT I'M A "CORKER"
IS THE TALK OF EV'RY COPPER ON THE BEAT.
BILLY McNEIL HE IS ME STEADY,
AND YOU'LL ALWAYS FIND HIM READY
FOR A SCRAPPING MATCH OR ANY SORT OF FIGHT,
HE'S THE BOUNCER DOWN AT CLARY'S,
AND HE SAYS OF ALL THE FAIRIES
I'M THE ONLY ONE HE THINKS IS OUT OF SIGHT!
GET OFF THE EARTH, AND DON'T ATTEMPT TO STAY
CUZ I'M A QUEEN, THE BELLE OF AVENUE A.
TA RA RA RA RA RA RA. *(MANNY and BIRDIE take up positions behind TEDDY to dance behind him like a backup group)*
I AM THE BELLE THEY SAY OF AVENUE A,
AND YOU CAN BET YOUR STUFF THAT I'M UP TO SNUFF,
IT FAIRLY MAKES ME SMILE TO THINK OF MY STYLE,
CUZ I'M THE BELLE THEY SAY OF AVENUE A. *(MANNY and BIRDIE form a seat with their hands and swing TEDDY in it)*
YOU OUGHT TO SEE ME SPIEL WITH BILLY McNEIL,
HE IS A BOUNCER, AND HE'S LOADED WITH ZEAL,
I MAY BE GAY, BUT SAY, WELL, THAT IS MY WAY, *(MANNY and BIRDIE stand TEDDY on the bench and join him for big finish)*
CUZ I'M THE BELLE OF AVENUE A.

TEDDY/MANNY/BIRDIE: HEY! *(TEDDY takes eleborate bows)*
BIRDIE: Oh, I know who you are: you're that cute construction worker from Brooklyn who got Tweety in the family way.
TEDDY: You mean pregnant?
MANNY: Me?
BIRDIE: I haven't spoke out of turn, have I?
TEDDY: Not on your life. *(Whips towel off stand)*
MANNY: Oi a bruch!
BIRDIE: Well, she wasn't really. That was just a family joke.
MANNY: Very funny.
BIRDIE: She just missed her period, that's all.
TEDDY: Where there's smoke, there's fire.
MANNY: What did I do?
TEDDY: You want me to draw you a picture? *(Cont. on p. 23)*




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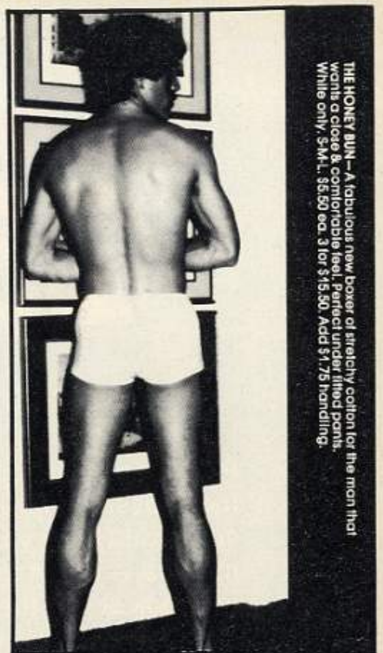

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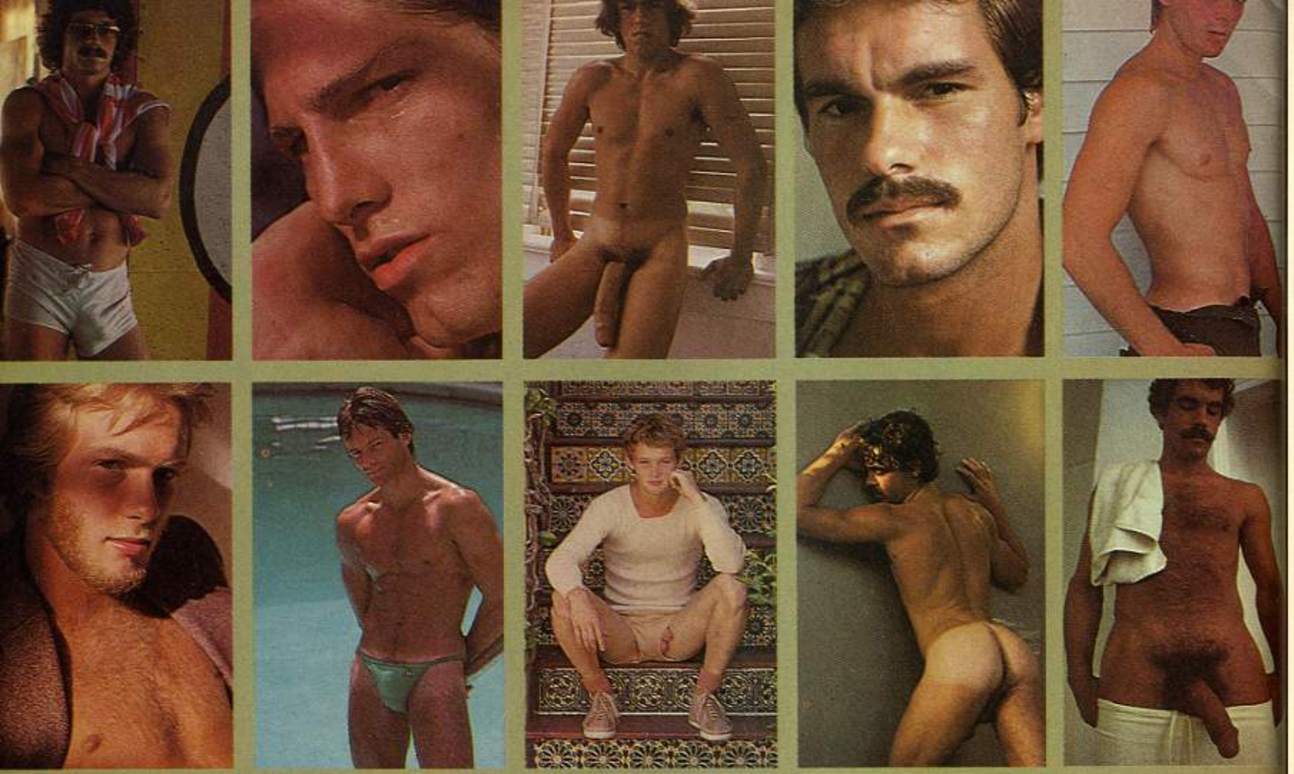

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# PINBALL MANIA

(Continued from page 89)

as Bally Manufacturing Company. By 1932, under darker depression clouds than ever, the Ballyhoo game was a national sensation. In a period of seven months, 50,000 Ballyhoo games were sold.

Since prohibition was in effect at the time (not repealed until December 1933), the company was unable to make use of the later tavern market. But Ballyhoo was introduced to barber shops, tobacco stores, restaurants, drug stores, coffee shops, gasoline stations, railroad depots, bus terminals and, as a Ballyhoo ad proclaimed, "wherever people congregate."

This early game was only 18 inches by 24 inches, and eight inches deep. It was offered in two models, the sole differences being in the coin mechanisms and the number of balls available for play. One model provided seven balls for a penny, and the other offered 10 balls for a nickel.

Slot-machine operators constituted the first immediate market for Ballyhoo. They were soon joined by throngs of other men and women: Unemployed workmen who risked their small savings to buy the machines and embark on new ventures of self-employment, bankrupt businessmen, doctors and dentists without regularly paying patients, lawyers without clients, and anyone who could scrape together the $16 list price, or $160 to be a 10-game tycoon.

Three economic factors account for the immediate and amazing success of the game: The presence in the U.S. of thousands of men and women who, struck down by economic depression, were attracted to the novel amusement device as a means to earn a livelihood; the extremely low price which permitted the new influx of operators to engage in the business of coin-operated amusement with a modest investment; and a populace which was unable to afford expensive entertainment and thus welcomed the bargain of the game.

The depression affected the entire world, thus influencing the popularity of pinball worldwide. By the end of 1932, pinball games were being exported from Chicago — the center of the industry — to Europe, Africa and the Near East.

Equally vital to the fast rise of the games were three characteristics: The toy-like simplicity appealed to a generation disenchantd with the gaudy sophistication of the preceding decade, which ended in economic disaster; the elementary mechanics involved in the design and structure demanded no specialized skill on the part of operators; and the small size not only opened many doors of small but busy locations to the game, but also dispensed with the necessity of transport equipment, because an operator could easily carry two games, one under each arm.

As economic conditions improved throughout the world, some dealers returned to their old occupations. Most, however, remained in the business, their newly established careers strengthened by the fact that pinball quickly attained the position of one of America's — and later

**What kind of man plays pinball? Every kind today. Celebrities who love the game include Bill Cosby, Hugh Hefner, Mike Nichols and, of course, Elton John. King Hussein of Jordan ordered several games for the palace.**

the world's — favorite and perennial modes of entertainment. The first post-Depression progress in pinball was graduation from the status of counter-top accessory to piece of "furniture" (with legs attached to the machine) which permitted the gradual enlargement in size to the later standard of 23 inches wide by 53 inches long. Today, many of the newest electronic machines are larger.

Of greater importance than size was the adaptation of electricity to pinball in 1933. It was first used to operate the payout mechanism, which delivered awards automatically in coins. Automatic payout pinball games continued in limited use from 1933 to 1950.

The first source of electricity for powered pinball was the dry cell battery, but within two years the games were connected to the electrical outlets of locations, a transformer being installed in each machine to reduce the high "house" current to the lower voltage used in the operation and illumination of pinball.

What did electricity do for the game's improvement?

The simplest electrical device in pinball is the switch which, in response to the pressure of the bouncing ball, closes or opens, thus closing or opening portions of the total electrical circuitry for various purposes related to action and scoring.

By 1936 three elaborations of the switch appeared in pinball: The relay, the stepping switch and the cam-controlled switch. It would take pages to fully explain what these do; if you're that interested, ask an electrician or electrical engineer. The most significant electrical apparatus in pinball is the solenoid, first used in "Fleet," a popular game of 1934, and which has become a motive force in pinball technology.

And what about the coin mechanism, that part of the machine which gobbles up your change as fast as a bartender hands it to you? The first mechanism was simply a narrow, sliding meal plate like you find on automatic washers, except it took a lot of muscle power to push it in. The old coin-slide continued to protrude from the front of pinball machines until production of pinball was suspended in 1942 as a wartime measure. When pinball manufacture was resumed in 1946, the first convenient drop-type coin chute appeared.

As pinball games increased in complexity and cost, the pricing of seven balls for a cent was abandoned, and for several years the common price was 10 balls for a nickel. A specialized type of pinball — the one-ball game — was popular from 1935 to 1950 but is now obsolete.

In 1933, when glass marbles were replaced by polished steel ball bearings, the number of balls per game was reduced to five. Today, the standard game is either five balls or three.

Three other developments in pinball evolved in unison: Illumination, automatic scoring, and the back cabinet, which is the primary device to attract players.

Illumination and automatic scoring appeared together in "Skyscraper," a 10-ball game of 1933. The facade of a skyscraper was on the surface of the playfield. As balls were shot into numbered holes, corresponding numbers painted on the windows of the building were lighted up. The player still had to add up the total, though.

In 1935, a low back cabinet was added to pinball, and both illumination and scoring were featured. The first automatic

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# PINBALL MANIA

*(Continued from page 97)*

score-indicator was a metal disc perforated with small holes in the configuration of numerals. A lamp behind the disc shone through the holes to project the advancing score on the back glass.

The back cabinet was greatly enlarged as the desire for higher scoring games increased, and manufacturers realized the drawing power of the artwork on the glass. It wasn't until 1958 that the revolving drum counter was invented. And now it has been eclipsed by modern electronic digital scoring.

Aren't we forgetting something important in pinball technology? Yes we are, and it came along in 1941: the replay mechanism.

From pinball's infancy, manufacturers had sought a means to recognize extraordinary skill with modest awards. Other than merchandise prizes or actual coins, no satisfactory solution to the problem of "patting the player on the back" arose until invention of the replay mechanism. Besides granting a free game for a specified score, one could also get a freebie "match game" if the last two digits of his final score matched the two digits which lit up on the backglass. Today, the replay mechanism is not permitted in some places in the country, but it is in general use throughout the world.

When pinball manufacture resumed after World War II, it introduced another extremely popular development: The bonus. It evolved into today's double bonus and triple bonus.

From the earliet days of pinball, players practiced the art of "nudging" or "gunching." This, of course, refers to pushing, wobbling, shaking or bumping the cabinet with all sorts of body movement and facial contortions to match. The early machines didn't have a chance to fight back, since there was no "tilt" mechanism.

Pinball seems to reflect society's changing attitudes and desires. After the war a typical pinball game required 1,200 points to win. Now games go up into the hundred thousands, reflecting inflationary times. At one time a "tilt" lost you the whole game; now it's just the score on one ball, reflecting the "permissive society."

Pinball has had its ups and downs over the years. During the 1940s, it was expelled from New York City by Mayor Fiorello La Guardia, and was reinstated only recently. It was also once banned in Los Angeles, and even in "Pinball City," Chicago.

But there seems to be no stopping the craze now.

Today, Bally Mfg. Corp. is the giant in the industry, with D. Gottlieb & Co. (recently purchased by Columbia Pictures) a chief contender. Other companies include Stern Electronics, Williams Electronics, and fairly new manufacturers like Atari and Sega who are big in the video game business.

What kind of a man plays pinball? Every kind today. The game crosses all economic, professional, ethnic and sexual barriers. Celebrities who love the game include Bill Cosby, Elliott Gould, Hugh Hefner, Mike Nichols, Sammy Davis, Jr., George Lucas, Stephen Speilberg and, of course, Elton John. King Hussein of Jordon ordered several games for the palace.

Another pinball movie, *Tilt*, (starring Brooke Shields) may do as much for the business as Elton and Roger Daltrey did. Not that the industry needs a shot in the arm. Bally, for instance, sold $12.3 million worth of machines in 1973. In 1977 it was $68.7 million.

Pinball is profitable to some and just fun to others. Whether you play to ease the pressures of the day, to display your prowess, or simply to meet someone, you're part of the boom that keeps on booming. ■




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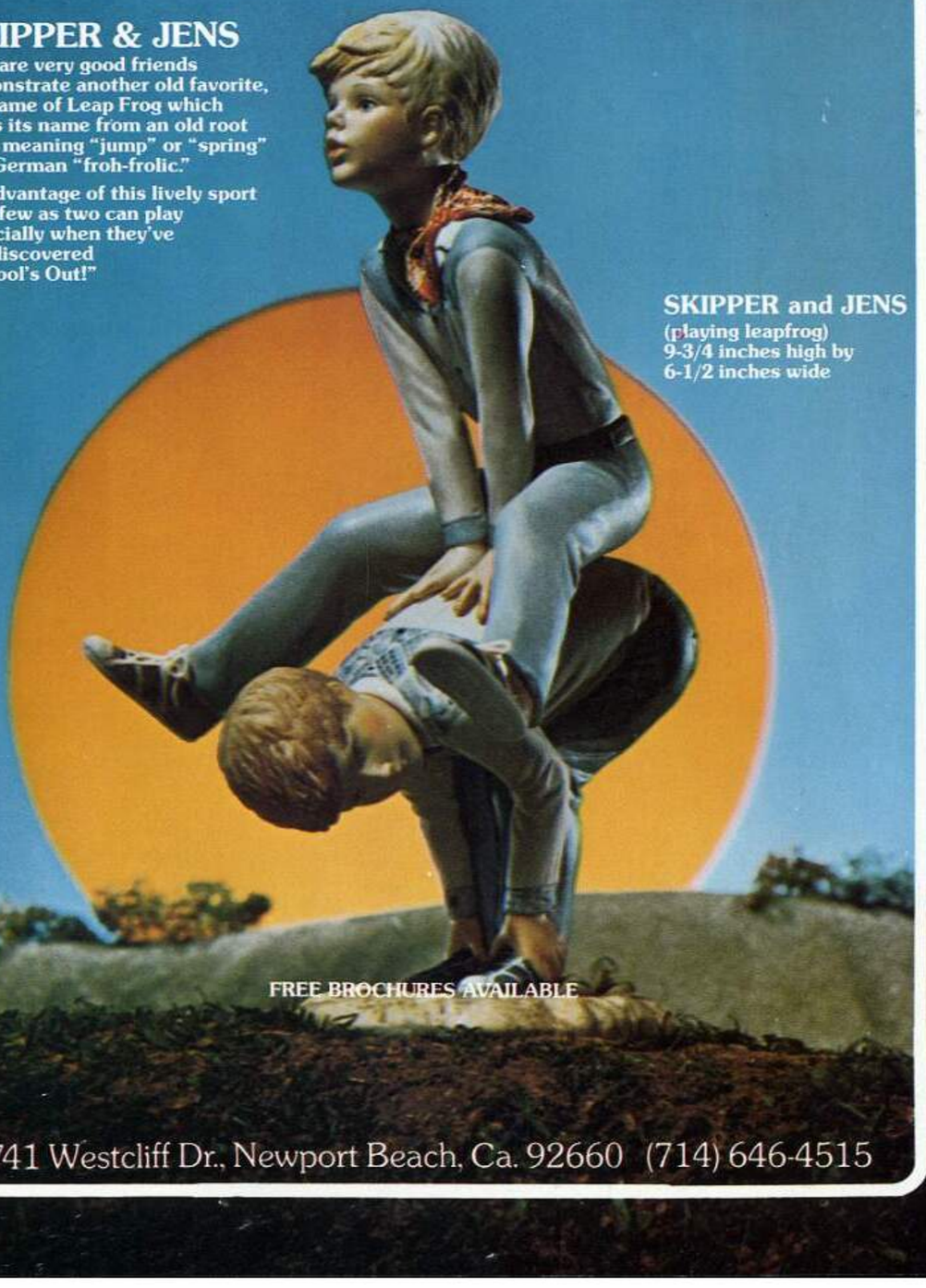

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